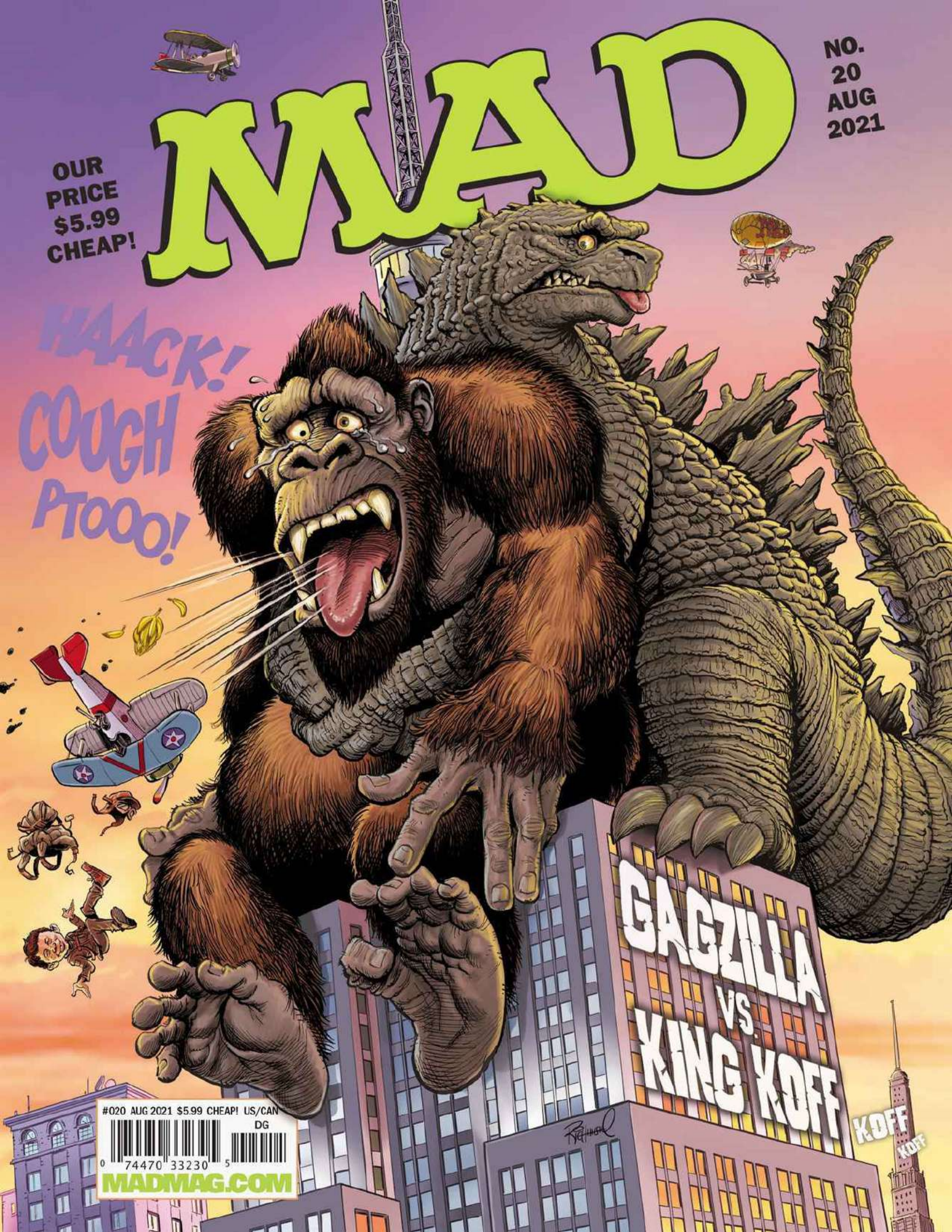


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vs
KING KOFF

KOFF
KOFF

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**BAH! WE HAVEN'T
FOUND A TRACE OF ANYTHING!
I THINK THE STORY OF A
MONSTER LIVING HERE
IS A FAKE!**



H. Kurtz & Co.

MAD

NO. 20

AUGUST 2021

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

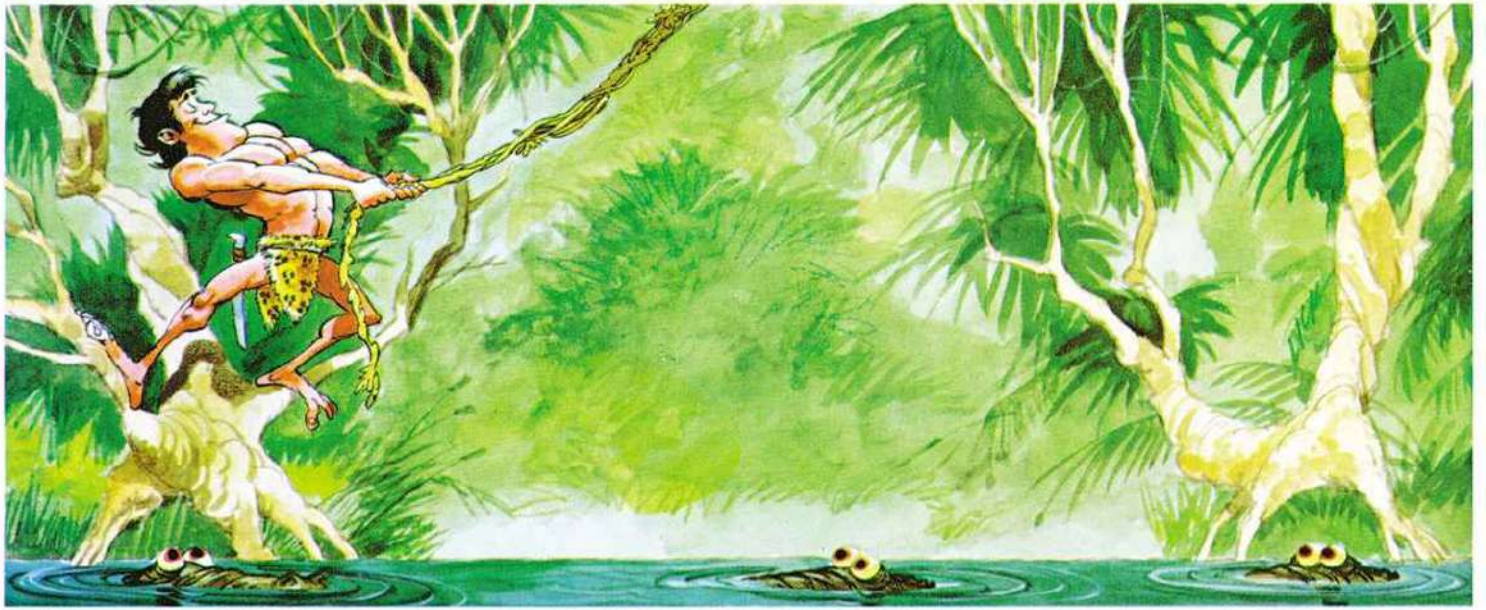
COVER WRITER Don "Duck" Edwing

COVER ARTIST Tom Richmond

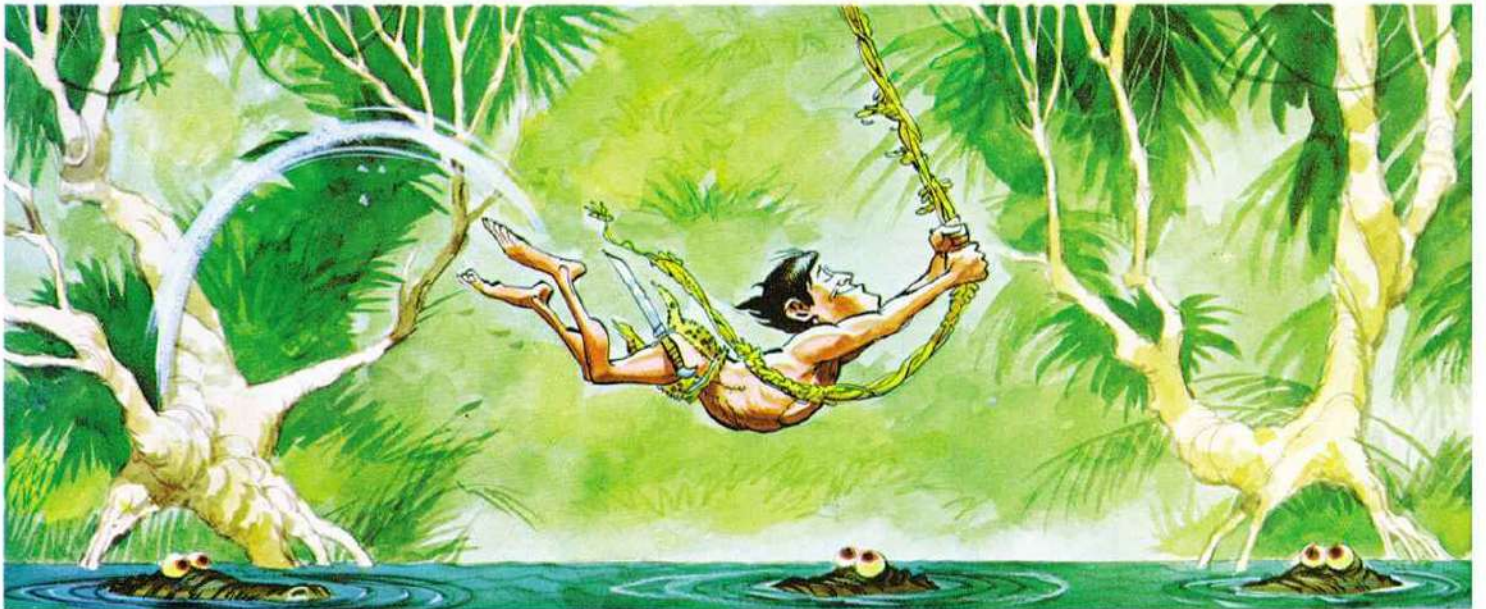
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

CONTENTS

A SWINGING JUNGLE TALE



WRITER **HUMBERTO DE LA TORRE** ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**





Nowadays, when you go to the movies, you see sickness, violence, murder . . . and that's only the cartoon! Films today have deep psychological meanings and shock endings. What ever happened to all the good old movies where you knew the ending long before you entered the theater, but you sat there engrossed, anyway? Today, when Hollywood speaks of "monster" movies, they mean anything starring Tuesday Weld. In the good old days, when they spoke of "monster" movies, they meant such great flicks as "King Kong," "Son of Kong" and "Mighty Joe Young." And so, in an attempt to bring back the good old days, MAD proudly presents:

SON OF MIGHTY JOE KONG



STARRING:

JAMES GARNER DORIS DAY DICK VAN DYKE

as

as

as

Robert Headstrong

Rae Faye

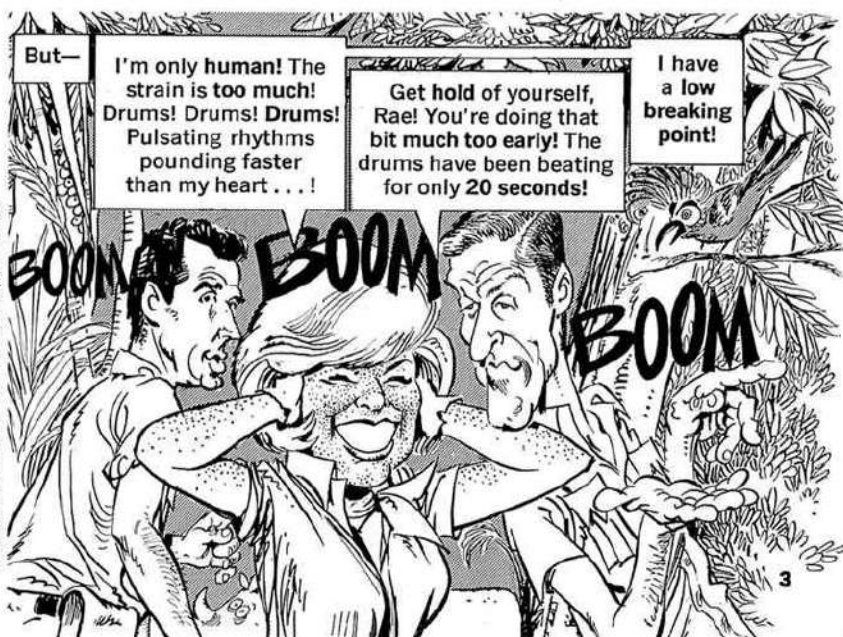
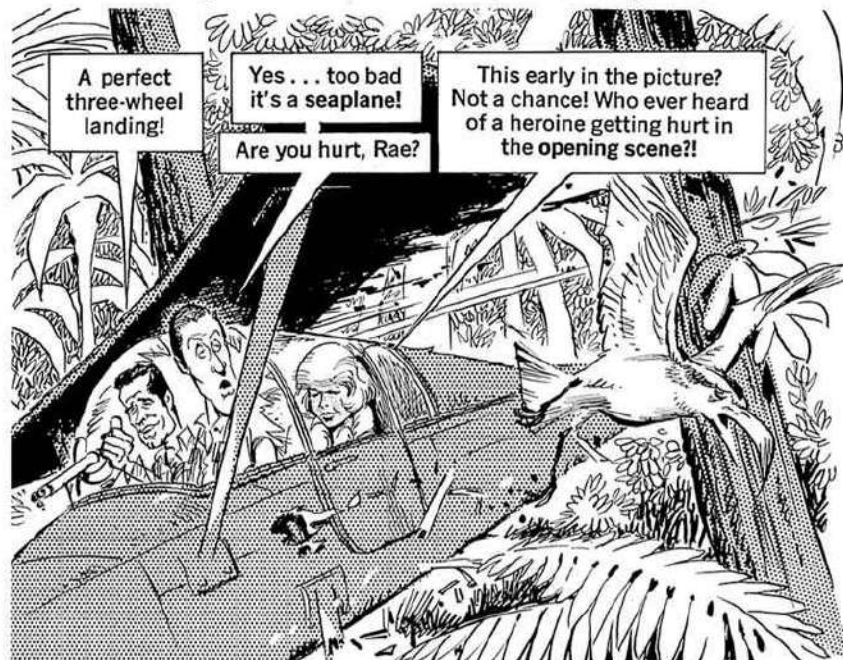
Bruce Cabbage

and RICHARD BURTON in his greatest character role as the

SON OF MIGHTY JOE KONG

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**

Deepest Africa . . . hundreds of miles from civilization . . . and even a good ten miles from the nearest Howard Johnson's!





The drums are coming from over here behind these tall weeds! Let's peek! !

Eee-gads! Natives performing pagan rituals handed down through the centuries!

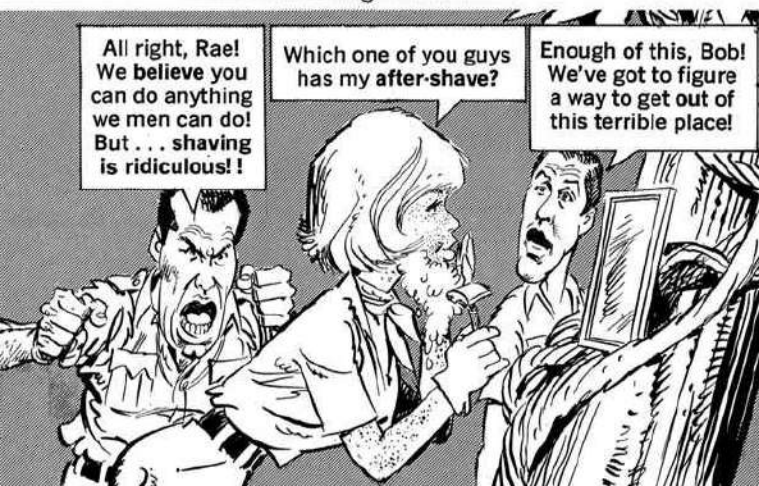
Did you ever see a lassie ... Go this way and that way? Did you ever see a lassie ... Go this way and that ... ? ?



This is dangerous territory we're in, Rael! I'm sorry we got you—a woman—involved! Your place is at home where it's safe and warm and ...

I can do anything you men can do! So don't think of me as a woman! Think of me as ... a very sexy man!

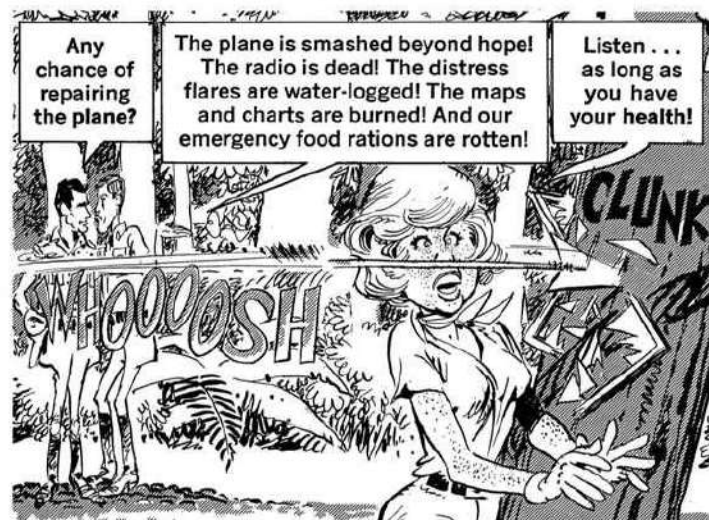
The next morning ...



All right, Rael! We believe you can do anything we men can do! But ... shaving is ridiculous! !

Which one of you guys has my after-shave?

Enough of this, Bob! We've got to figure a way to get out of this terrible place!



Any chance of repairing the plane?

The plane is smashed beyond hope! The radio is dead! The distress flares are water-logged! The maps and charts are burned! And our emergency food rations are rotten!

Listen ... as long as you have your health!



What was that?

It's either an ad for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum ... or we got big troubles! !



What was THAT??



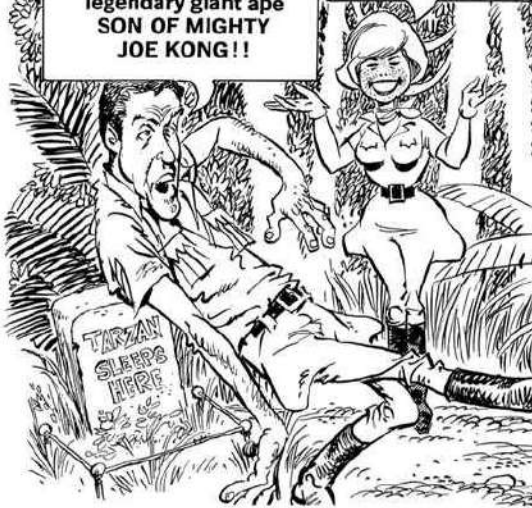
There it is again!

Twice! That can mean only one thing ... ! It's two o'clock! !

ROARRRR

Two o'clock, nothing! I'm taking a wild guess, but I'll bet that was the signal calling for the legendary giant ape **SON OF MIGHTY JOE KONG!!**

It's either that, or this movie will have to have a different title!



ROARRRR

The sound is getting closer!

I'm scared!

Scared?! Pull yourself together! Are you a very sexy man . . . or are you a mouse?!



Good Lord, look!! It's an ape at least forty feet tall!! And that's without shoes!



Outside of Jayne Mansfield, that's the most awesome sight I have ever seen!

People would pay a fortune to see this beast! If only we could get him back to the States!

But how?



We could give him a tranquilizer!

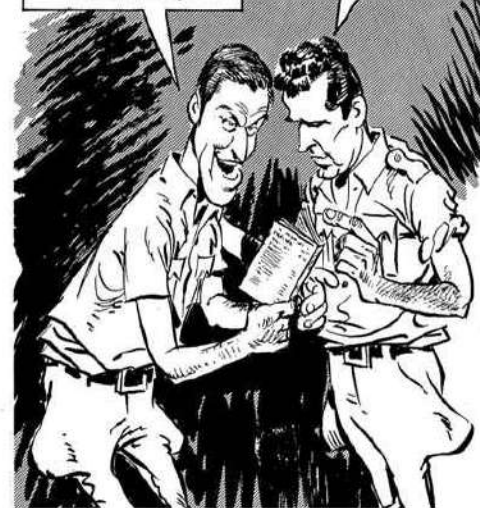
How can you give a giant ape a tranquilizer?

In a glass of water??



I've got a better idea! I'll read to him from this copy of the "Reader's Digest"! That always puts me to sleep!

I've got an even better idea! I once sent away for one of those "Learn Hypnotism" courses, and . . .



Never mind! Our problem is solved! This dull dialogue put him to sleep!

Next stop—New York!!



One month later . . . on bustling Broadway, in New York . . .

OPENING TONIGHT!

RAE FAYE

and her

GIANT APE

See The Eighth Wonder Of The World!



I know it's a little unusual for someone to order a size 1000 tuxedo, but get it over here immediately! And I also need a pair of cuff-links about two feet in diameter! Hurry! Good-bye!!



Does the beast have everything down pat?

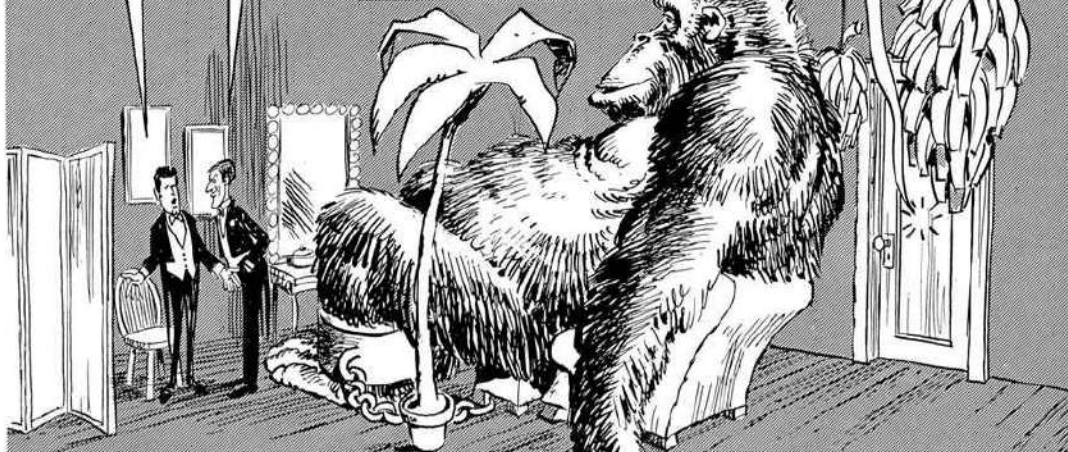
Yes, Rae knows every step—

Not her!! The APE!!

Yes, but I think you're pushing that ape too far—rehearsing him day and night—making him wear silly hats—giving him dancing lessons...

I send him flowers every day! What more can I do?

Five minutes! Five minutes to the opening—



Gentlemen! A fanfare please...



Those drums! Those incessant drums—beating, beating!!

Enough is enough, already, Rae! Now you and Kong go out there and stamp your way into the hearts of that audience...

...while we pray that the stage doesn't collapse!



Just me and my shadow... strolling down the avenue... Me and my shadow... all alone and feeling blue...



Great!

That ape certainly knows how to ape!

Sensational!

Best 40-foot dancing ape I ever saw!

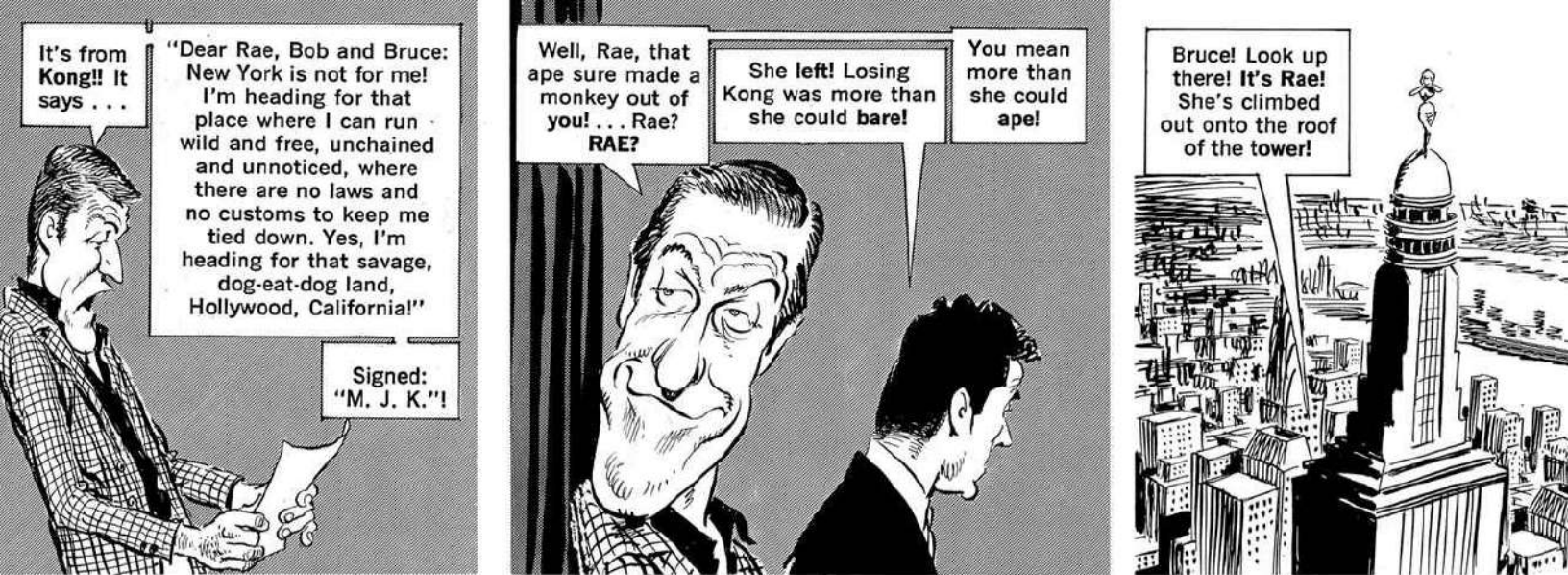


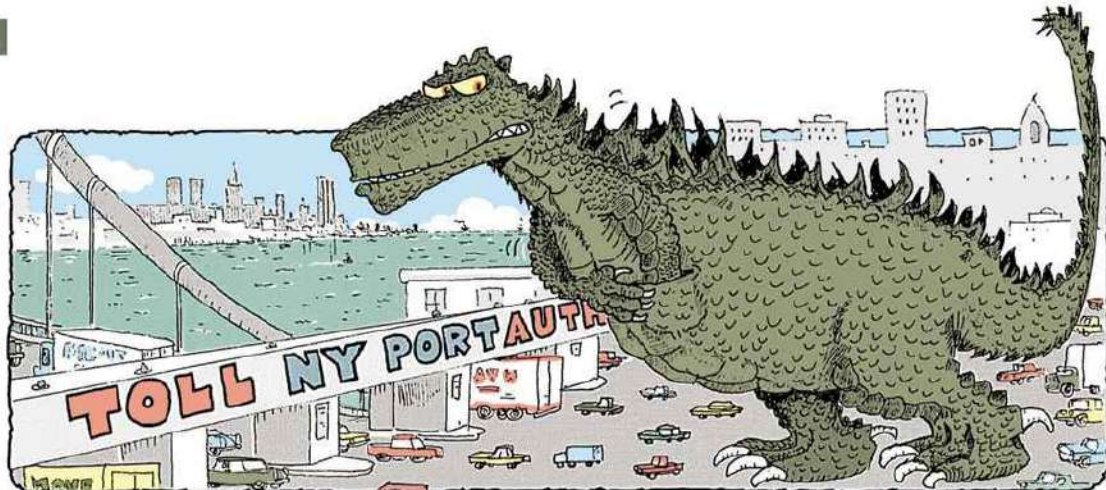
Mr. Headstrong! How about going onstage and getting some shots of Rae and the ape while they're performing!

Okay! Rae is the one without the chains!





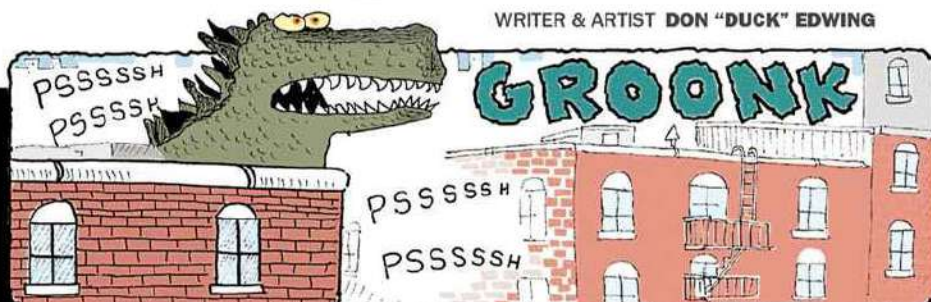




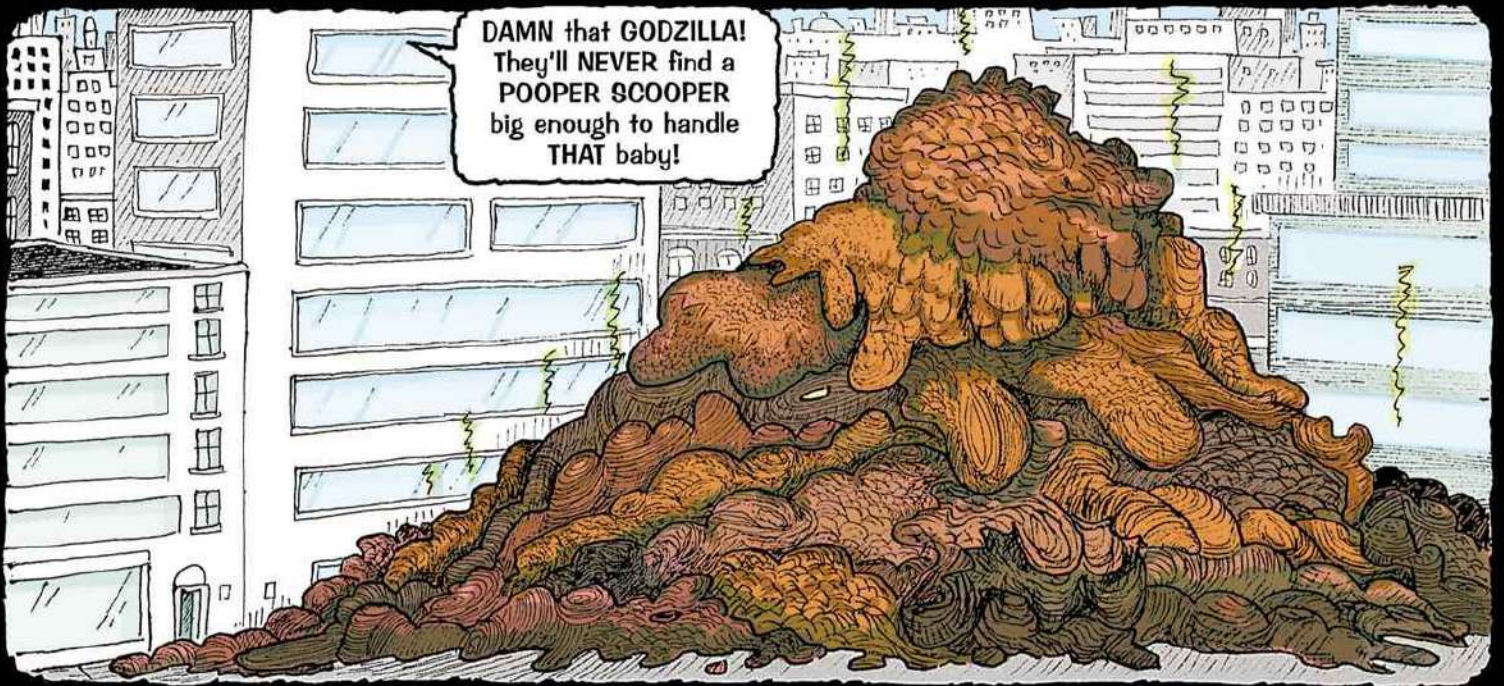
GODZILLA

TAKES MANHATTAN

WRITER & ARTIST DON "DUCK" EDWING



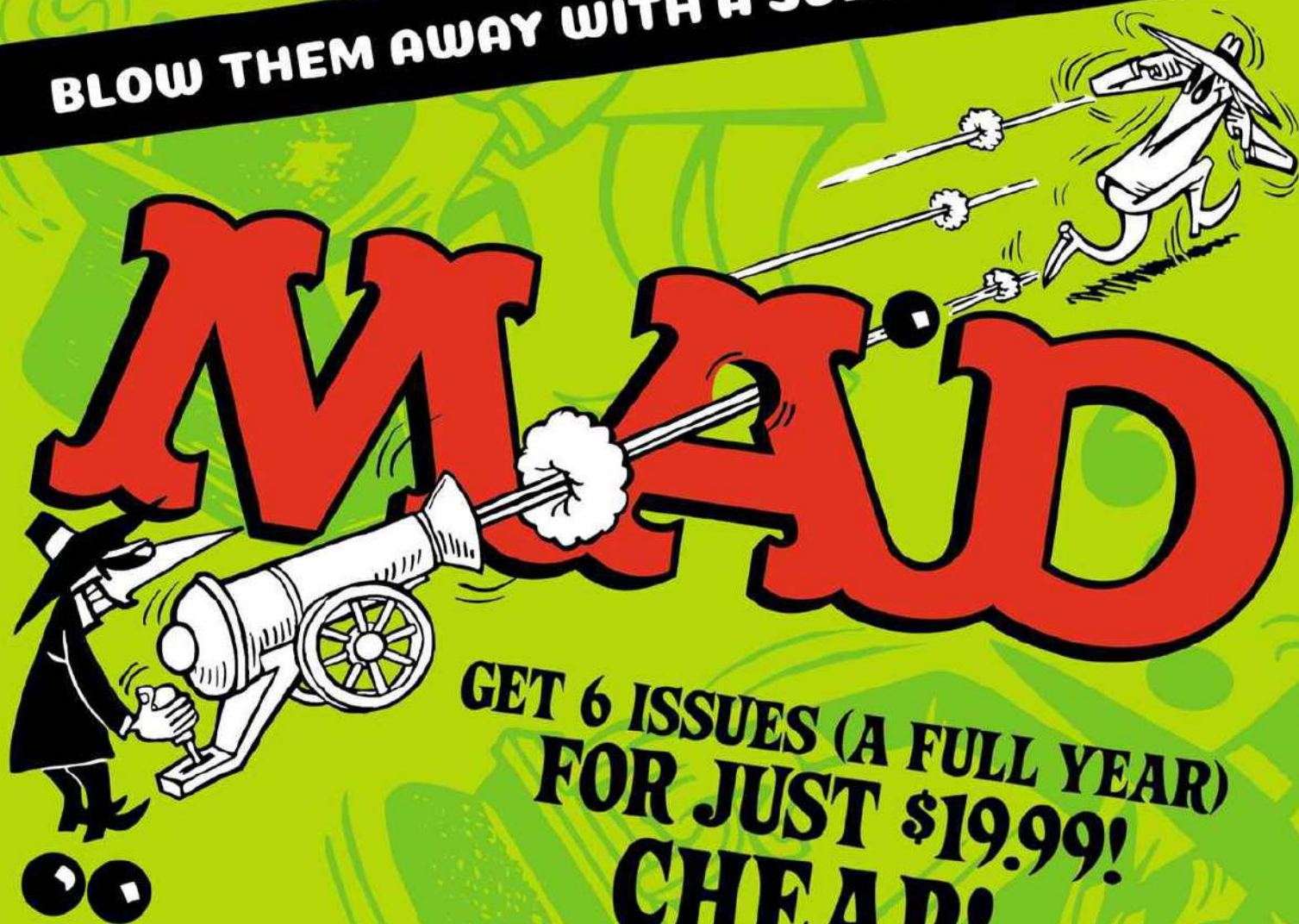
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #370, JUN 1998





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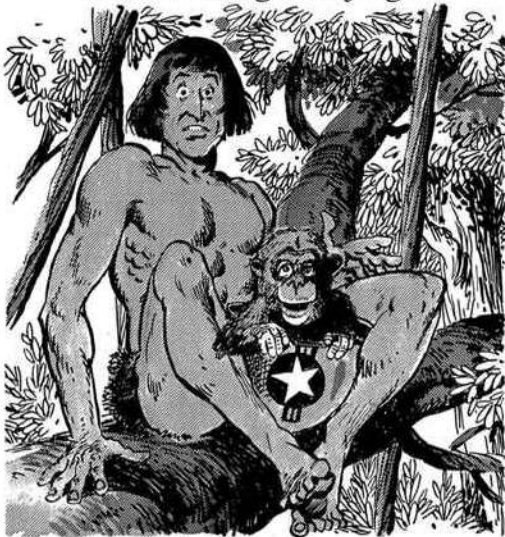


HOLLYWOOD DEPT.



Scenes We'd Like to See

The Race Through The Jungle



ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #56, JUL. 1960

Well, that old loveable ape is back in the movies. We're referring, of course, to Dino De Laurentiis. Clever Dino has taken the old classic, "King Kong," and he's up-dated it . . . he's put it on the wide screen in color . . . he's invented new special effects . . . and he's added something new: Humor! Yessir, it seems they decided to play this remake for laughs! Unfortunately, they don't go far enough! Because all they end up with is

KING

Gentlemen . . . welcome aboard our ship, "The Petlox Explorer"! I had to wait until we were on the high seas to tell you where we plan to look for oil! Not at the bottom of the ocean . . . but on a desolate, uncharted fog-bound island . . .

Gee, I was wondering how you expected us to look for oil on the ocean floor with only seven feet of PIPE on board!!

Man . . . it takes guts to gamble on finding oil on an island that no one's ever seen before!

Well, Fraud Winsome has plenty of guts! I know because I watched him heave them up all over my cabin during that last storm!

Let me tell you what a satellite photo of the island reveals about its composition! First it contains pre-hydro carbons! Next, radical binocular nitrogens! Third, excess carbon dioxide! And last . . . artificial flavorings and coloring! Now, we—

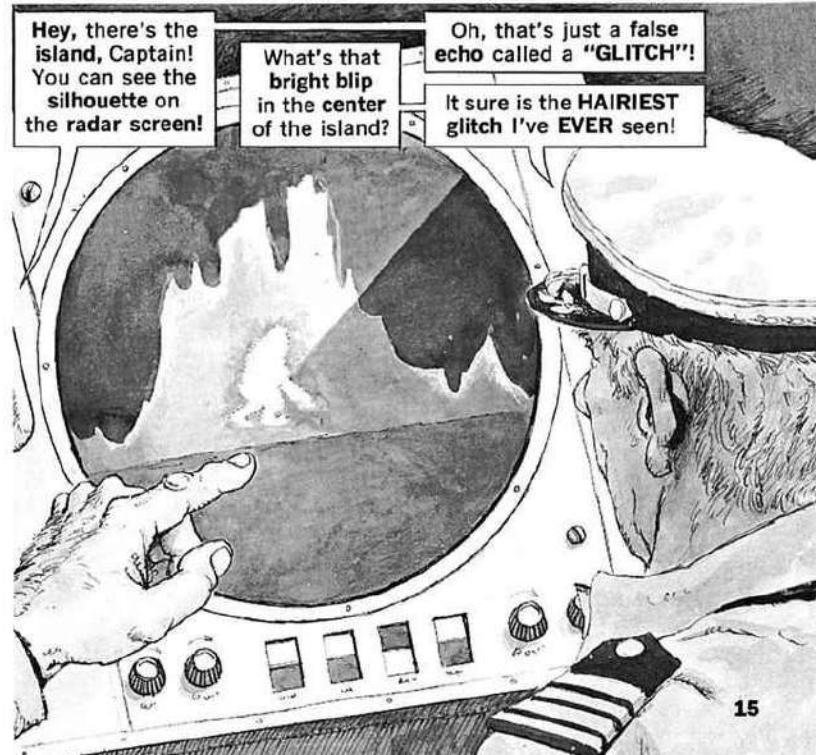
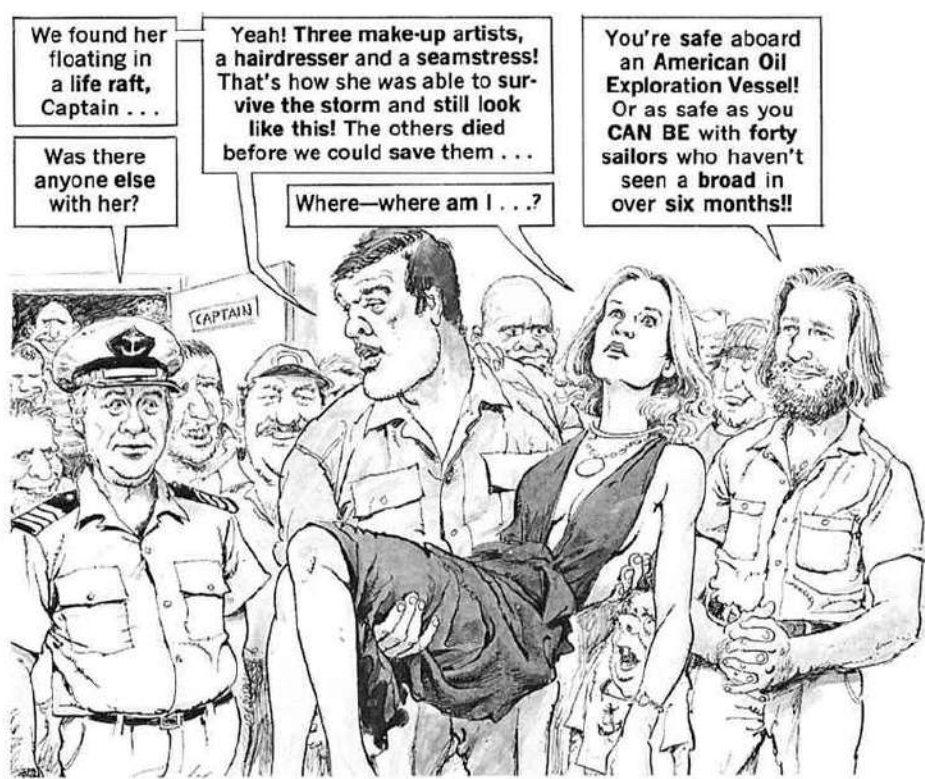
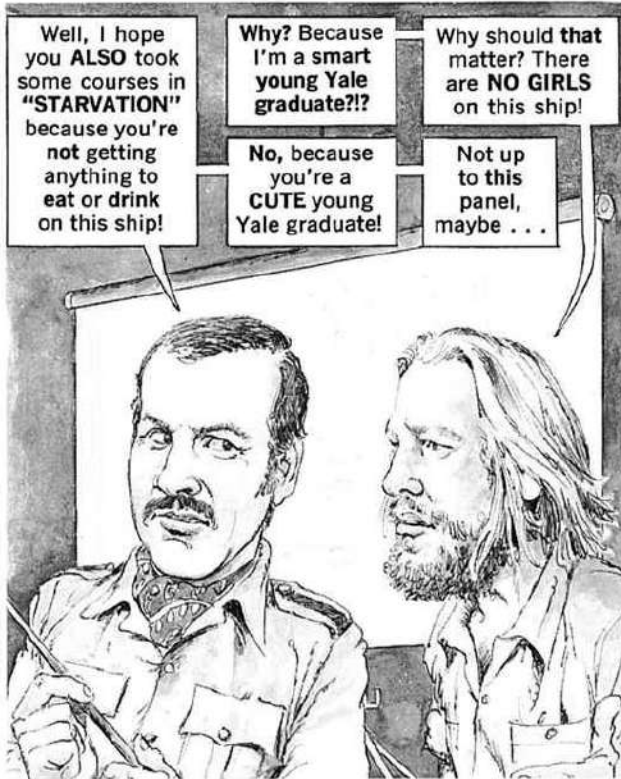
May I take a minute to break in here? I'm not officially signed on this ship . . . so let me introduce myself! I'm Hack Pressclot! I'm from Yale University, where I majored in "Gigantic Primate Behavior", and minored in "Stowing Away Aboard Ships" . . .



KORN



WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **HARRY NORTH, ESQ.**



Okay, Hack, I believe you're not employed by one of our competitors! But to earn your keep, I'm appointing you "Official Photographer"!

Take our picture now, Hack!

Okay! Can I see a little more leg?

I've got my pants rolled up as far as I can now!!

I was talking to DAWN!!

Hmm! On second thought, maybe we can charge your room and board to your American Express Credit Card!



Wow! Look at that huge wall! It must be as old as the Pyramids!

Not exactly! You see that sign that says "NU NU MIKI NE AG"?

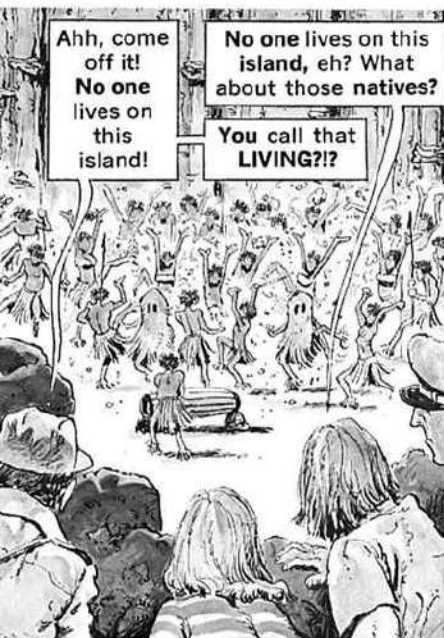
Well, that means "NO HANDBALL PLAYING AGAINST THIS WALL!"



Ahh, come off it! No one lives on this island!

No one lives on this island, eh? What about those natives?

You call that LIVING?!!



They're holding some sort of Pre-Wedding Ritual! That native girl is probably the Bride, and that guy in the ape mask is obviously a stand-in for the Groom ...

Because it's BAD LUCK for the Bride to see the REAL Groom before the Wedding?

Not exactly! In this case, it may be even WORSE luck for the Bride when she sees the Groom AFTER the Wedding!!

Baggy! Look down there! See those bubbling pools of thick black gook? Do you think that could be oil?

I doubt it! The natives are pouring it into cups and adding cream and sugar ...!



They've spotted us, and they've seen Dawn! They want us to give her to them in exchange for six of their women!

DAWN! For six of THEIRS?! Those savages are NUTS!! Tell them TEN -OR NOTHING!!

What?! Why, you inhuman ☆☆☆!! You mean you'd actually trade Dawn for ten of their women?!

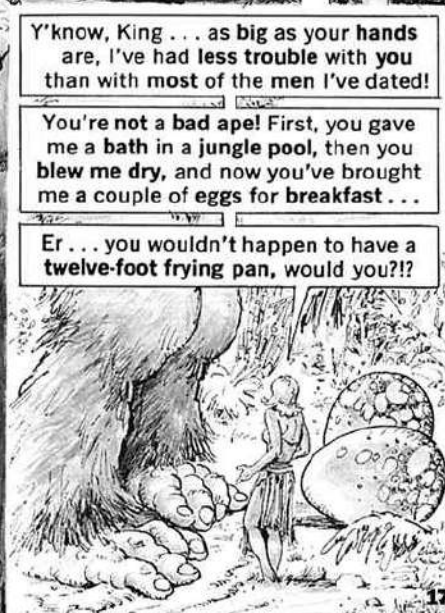
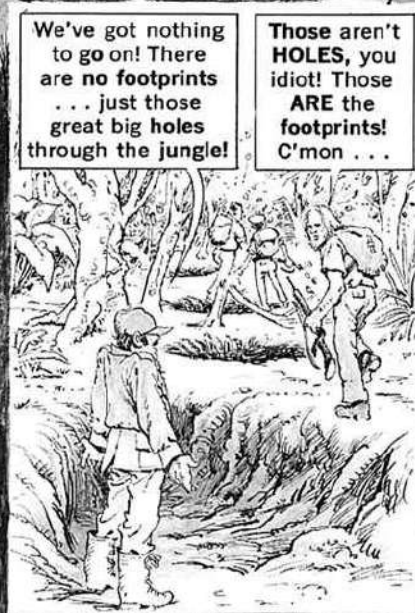
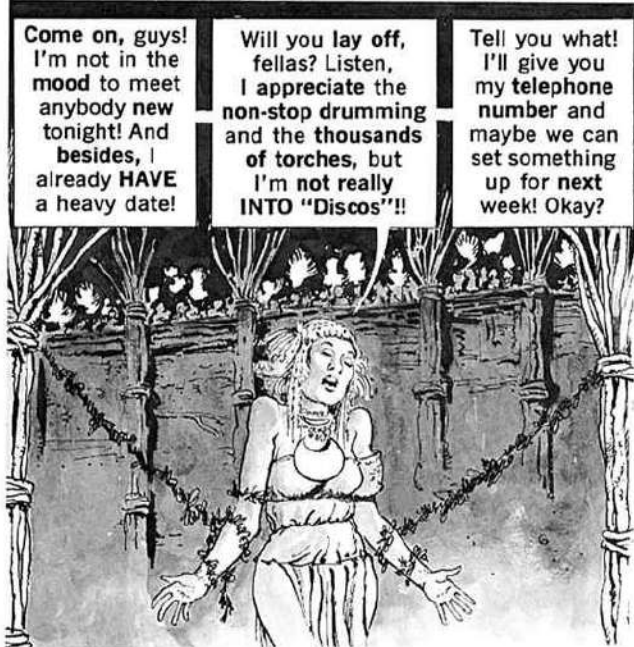
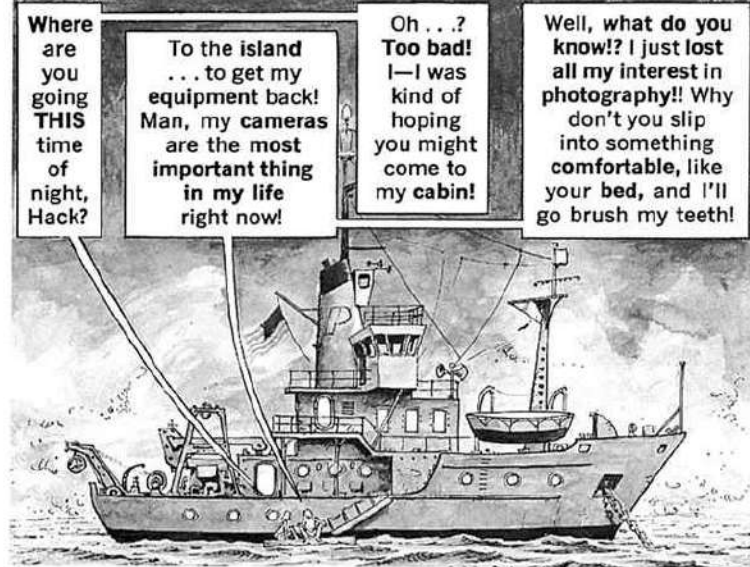
Don't be ridiculous! It's just a trick to calm them down! Then, we'll let them know what we REALLY want! FORTY of their women for Dawn, or NO DEAL!

I tell you, I know how to deal with backward natives! We've got pots, pans, bracelets and all kinds of shiny trinkets ...

You really think those natives are interested in swapping that junk for anything WE'VE got?!

They sure are, smart guy! We just swapped all your CAMERA EQUIPMENT for this swell stuff!







I've checked out the sample we took from the island, and it's 100% pure oil all right... exactly up to Petlox's rigid standards...!

YAHOO!! And coming here was all **MY** idea, Baggy!!

As a matter of fact, it **IS** Petlox oil!! The natives here import it from the mainland in barrels! As for the island itself, it hasn't got a single drop!

Too bad coming here was all **YOUR** idea, Baggy!



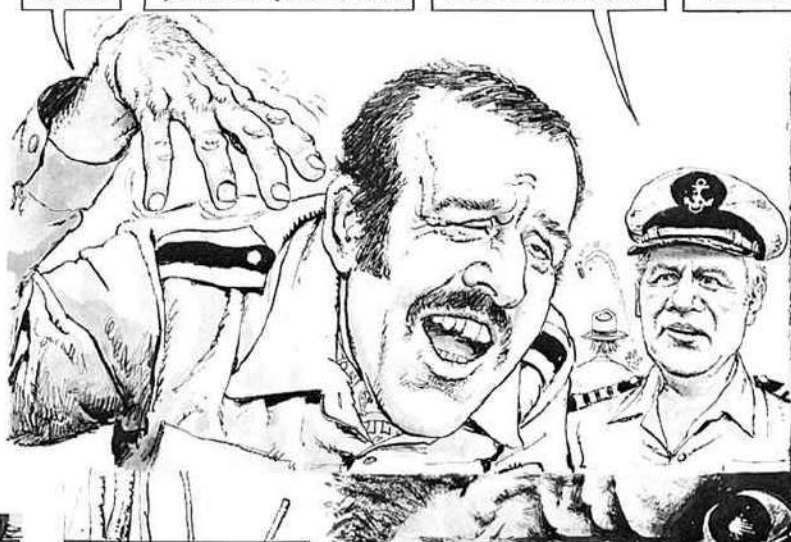
I refuse to go back to America empty-handed!

Why don't we visit that **Native Souvenir Shop**!! We could pick up a few more of those trinkets you went ape over...!

That's it! That's it! You just said it! What an idea!!

You mean, take King back to America?!!

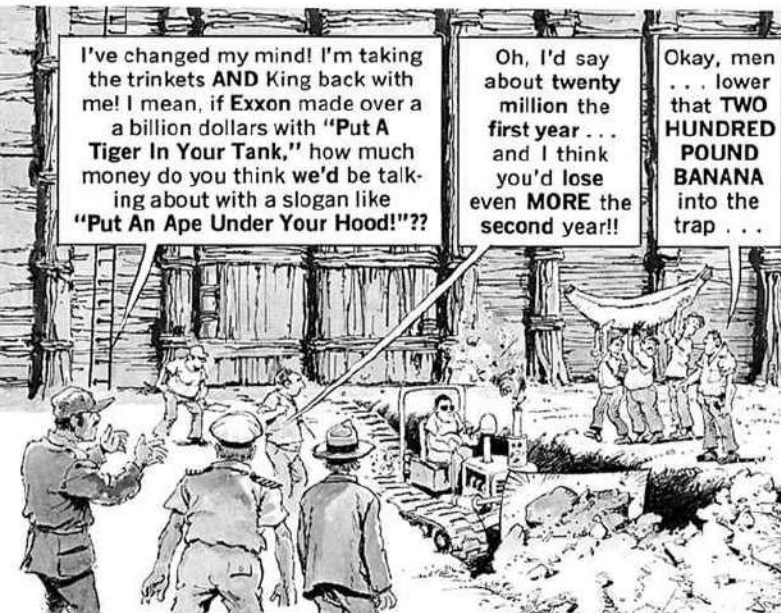
No... pick up a few more of those trinkets!



I've changed my mind! I'm taking the trinkets **AND** King back with me! I mean, if Exxon made over a billion dollars with "Put A Tiger In Your Tank," how much money do you think we'd be talking about with a slogan like "Put An Ape Under Your Hood!"??

Oh, I'd say about twenty million the first year... and I think you'd lose even **MORE** the second year!!

Okay, men... lower that **TWO HUNDRED POUND BANANA** into the trap...



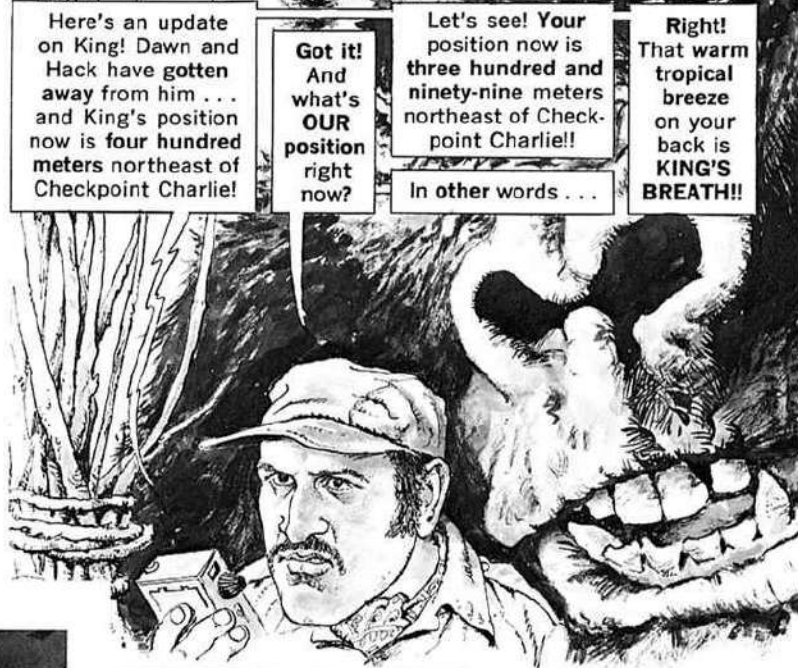
Here's an update on King! Dawn and Hack have gotten away from him... and King's position now is four hundred meters northeast of Checkpoint Charlie!

Got it! And what's **OUR** position right now?

Let's see! Your position now is three hundred and ninety-nine meters northeast of Checkpoint Charlie!!

In other words...

Right! That warm tropical breeze on your back is **KING'S BREATH!!**



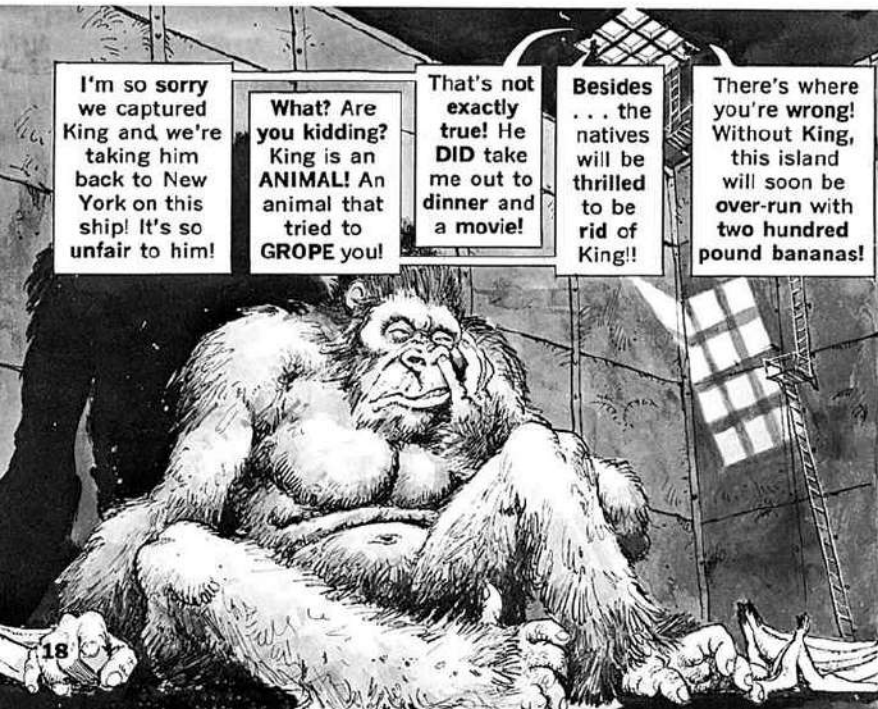
I'm so sorry we captured King and we're taking him back to New York on this ship! It's so unfair to him!

What? Are you kidding? King is an **ANIMAL**! An animal that tried to **GROPE** you!

That's not exactly true! He **DID** take me out to dinner and a movie!

Besides... the natives will be thrilled to be rid of King!!

There's where you're wrong! Without King, this island will soon be over-run with two hundred pound bananas!



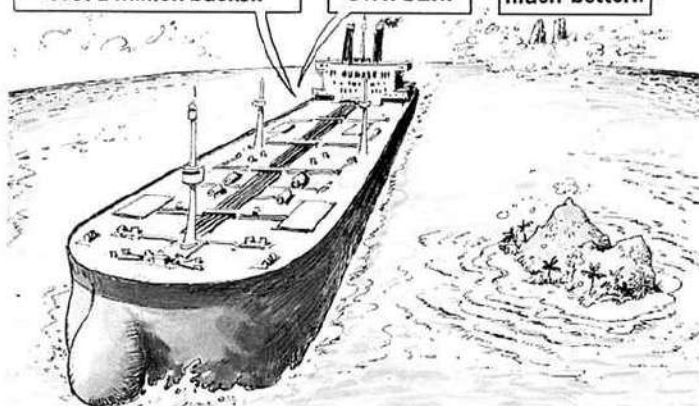
I've been thinking of ways to exploit King! I could star him in a **BALLET**... with Nureyev and Fonteyn and Weiss!

I've got another dynamite idea! We have a big **Double Wedding**! You'll marry Dawn, and I'll have King marry **THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!!**

Nahhhh! That's no good! A **TUTU** for King would cost a million bucks!!

Who'd want to marry a **STATUE**??

Listen, yours might not be much better!!



I'm quitting this circus, Fraud! I just can't stomach this cruel, disgusting exploitation of King!

If you go with him, kid... if you quit on me now, I'll make sure you never get another booking in Show Biz! You'll end up tap dancing at Rotary Clubs!

Gee, that doesn't sound so bad... especially since I can't tap dance now!



Ladies and Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet the biggest chimp in the world!

Th-thank you for that wonderful introduction!

The introduction was for KING!! I said "Chimp" ... not "CHUMP"!

Listen, all you reporters! Don't get so close to Dawn! King will think you're trying to tear her clothes off!

Hey, kid! Mind your own business! We ARE trying to tear her clothes off!



Look! King is breaking free!

Ladies and Gentlemen, don't panic! I assure you the cage is escape-proof! I was locked in it all day yesterday... and I couldn't get out of it!

Look! He's torn his cage apart!

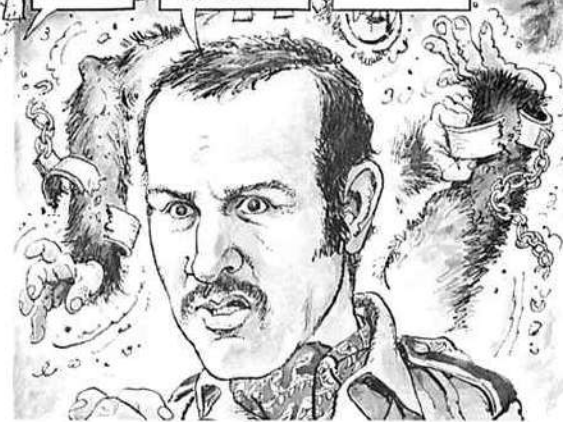
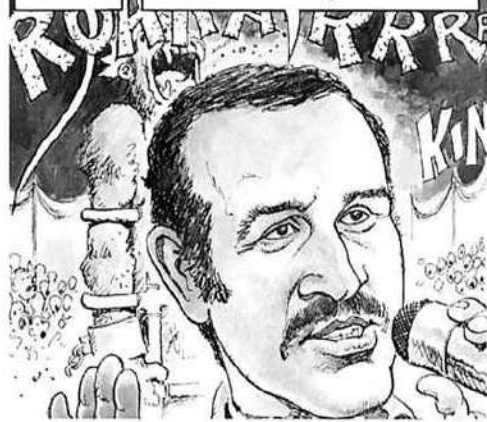
Don't worry! His legs and arms are still in chains!

Look! He's broken his arm chains!

Don't worry! His legs are still in chains!

Look! He's broken his leg chains!

WORRY!!



No, King! No!! Don't step on me!

I suggest that you study the fine print in your contract, King! It's got a "No Squish" clause!!

You can't leave me FLAT, King!!



Do you think we're safe on this train, Hack?

Of course we're safe! King doesn't have a subway token... so they'll never let him on!

Put this train down this instant, you great big juvenile delinquent ape!

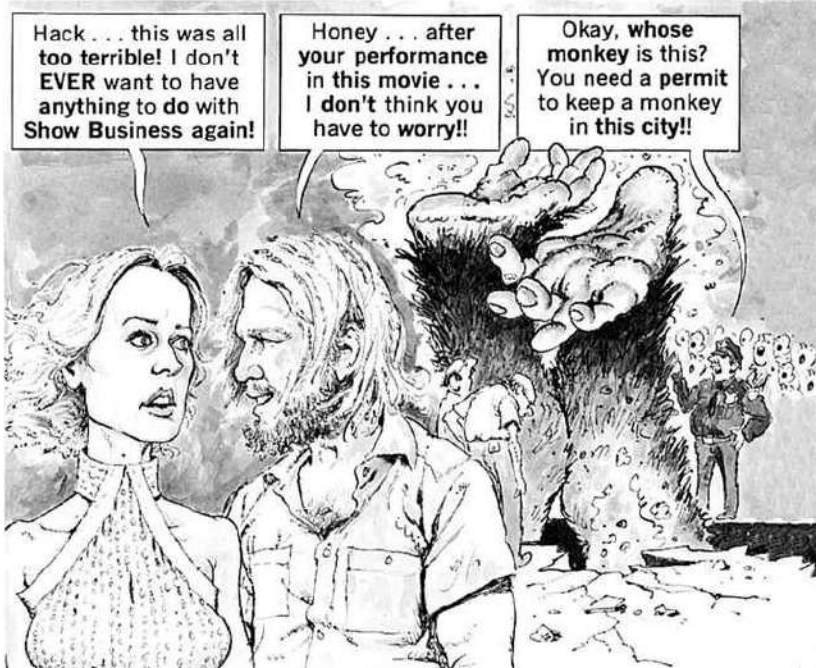
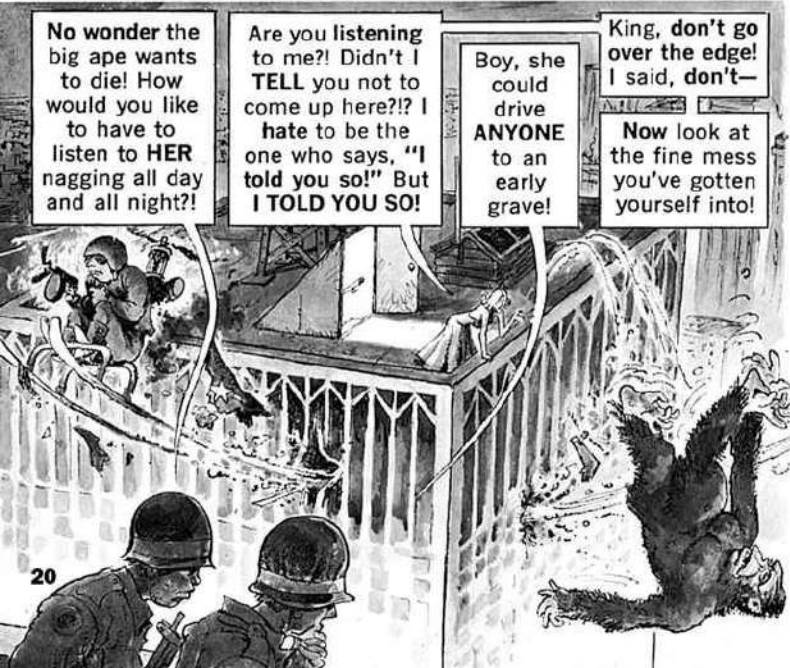
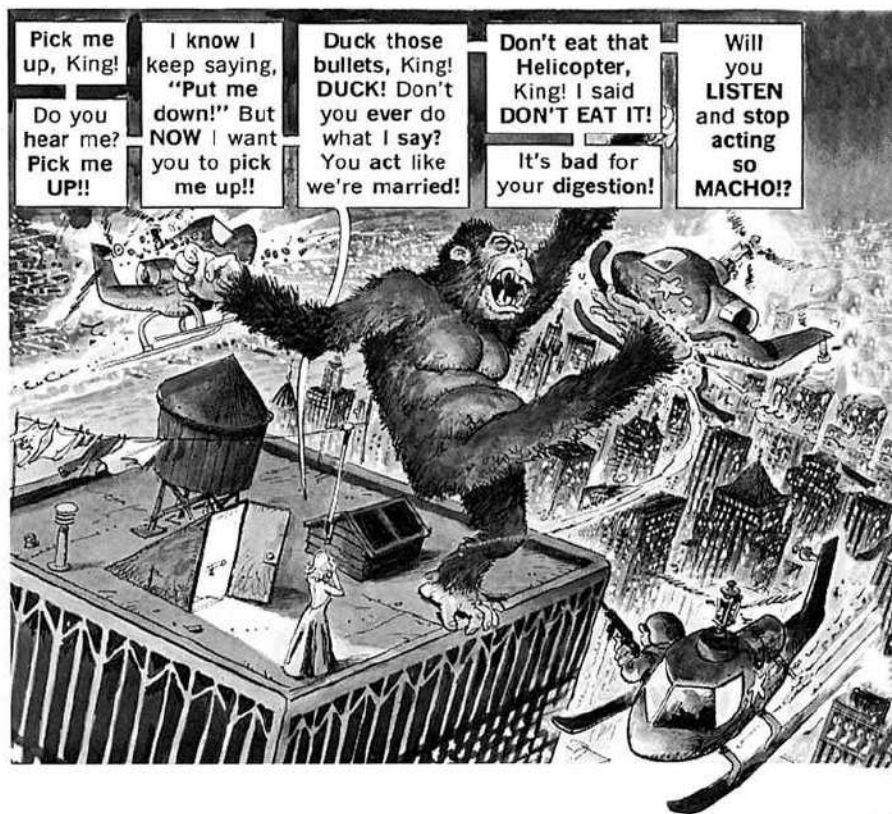
Hey, is this 42nd Street? Can you drop me at 42nd Street?

Oh, my God! He's gonna roar again! I can't stand it when he roars...

I know what you mean! The sound is enough to KILL you!

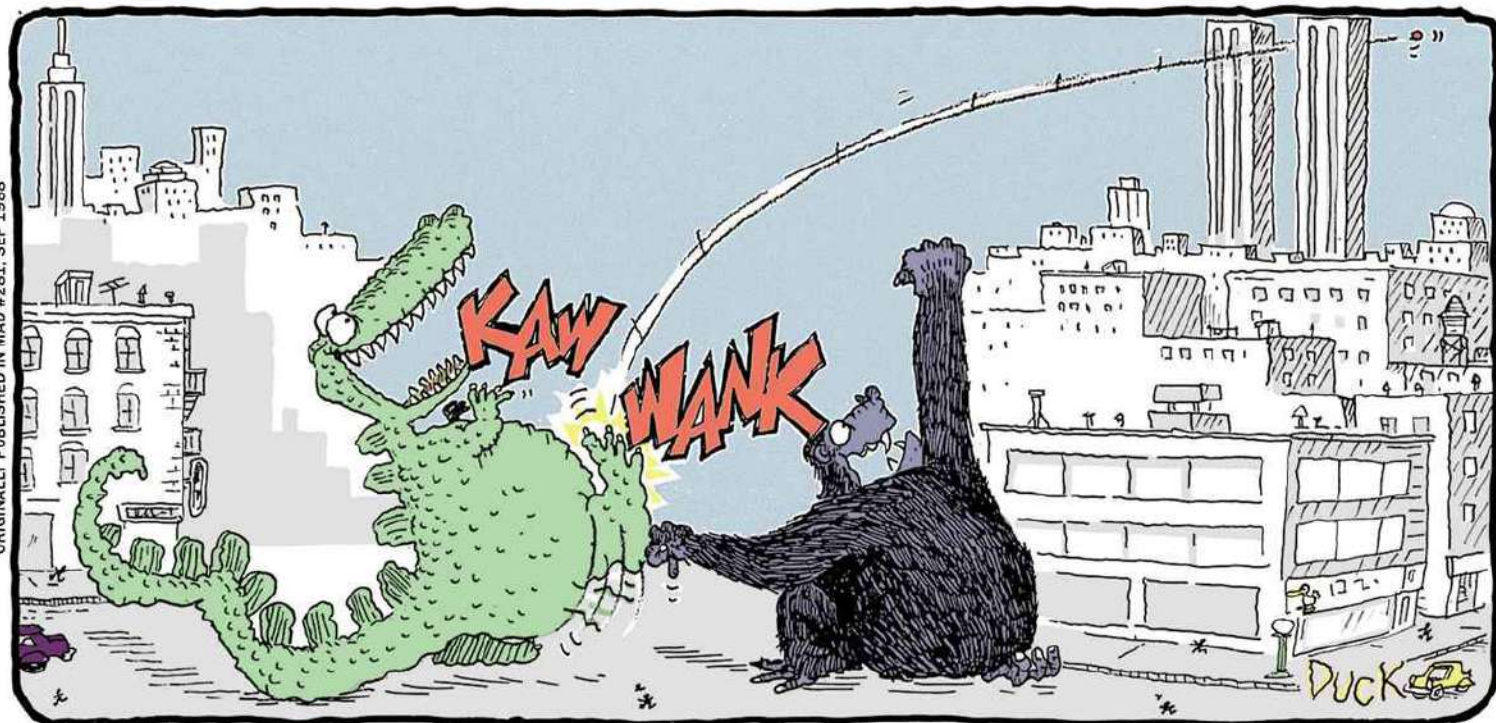
FORGET the sound! It's the BREATH that'll kill you!







THE MANHATTAN MONSTER MONKEYSHINE



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #281, SEP 1988

Captain,
dead
ahead!

I
know,
ice-
berg!!!

Sorry Captain,
we're in
tropical waters!
It looks like
some sort of
giant sea
monster!

Too bad! Icebergs
are big money
these days! If
we could make
1/50th of the
money *Titanic*
made,
we'd be rich!

If it's not an iceberg,
what did we strike?

We struck a rehash
of a 30-year-old
B-movie, hokey
Japanese
monster!

Hokey
Japanese
monster?
That
sounds
vaguely
interesting!

It was
interesting
at first,
Captain,
then it got
tedious, then
stupid, then it
just plain...

I'm Dr. Neck Tattoo, a biologist! I've been doing a three-year scientific study of Chernobyl earthworms! Because of radioactive contamination, these earthworms are much bigger than they were before! But don't worry, they taste about the same! I've earned the nickname "worm boy"! Oddly enough, it has nothing to do with my studying worms! It's the way I crawl in front of my boss! Hey, there's not much call for my line of work, so I do what I have to do to keep my job!

I'm Elsea Chapstick, a paleontologist and head of research at the National Institute of Paleontology and Advanced Sexual Positionology! I'm also a big flirt who's attracted to Dr. Tattoo, the "worm boy"! I hope to go out with him soon so I can find out if the radioactive soil he works with has made anything else grow bigger!

I'm Tawdry Timmids, and I want to be a TV news reporter! I came to New York because it's an ideal training ground! Then, when I'm good, I'll go to some place important, like Lawton, Nevada or Secaucus, New Jersey! Some of my accomplishments can already be seen on the air! I polished the shoes our anchorman, Charles Caveman, is wearing!

I'm Charles Caveman, self-important news anchor! News anchors are always portrayed as being vain and pompous in a very artificial way! But not me! I'm vain and pompous in a very real way! My assistant Tawdry says I'm a male chauvinist! But who would listen to her? She's only a woman, for God's sake!

I'm Manimal, a TV cameraman who'll risk anything to get a story on videotape! I've run into burning buildings, climbed into erupting volcanoes, and taken my equipment out into howling tornadoes! All of which has gotten me into the *Guinness Book of World Records*! Not for the footage I shot, but for destroying more video equipment than anyone else in the world!

I'm Phillippe Roach, a member of the French Secret Service! As my cover, I'm pretending to be a Frenchman who likes Americans! Boy, talk about your tough assignments! Of course, fooling the Americans should be easy! They're so stupid!

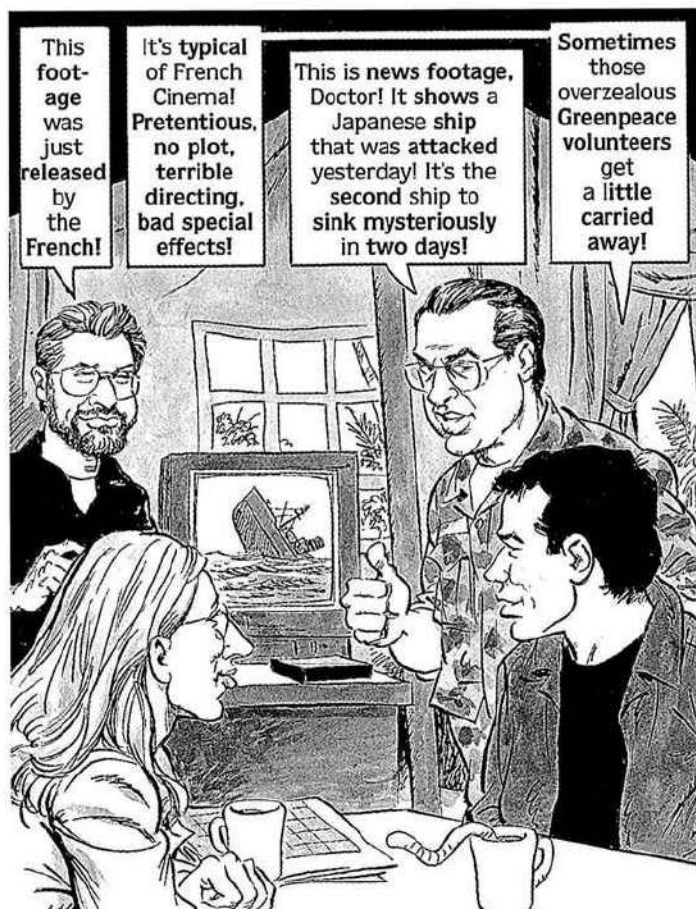
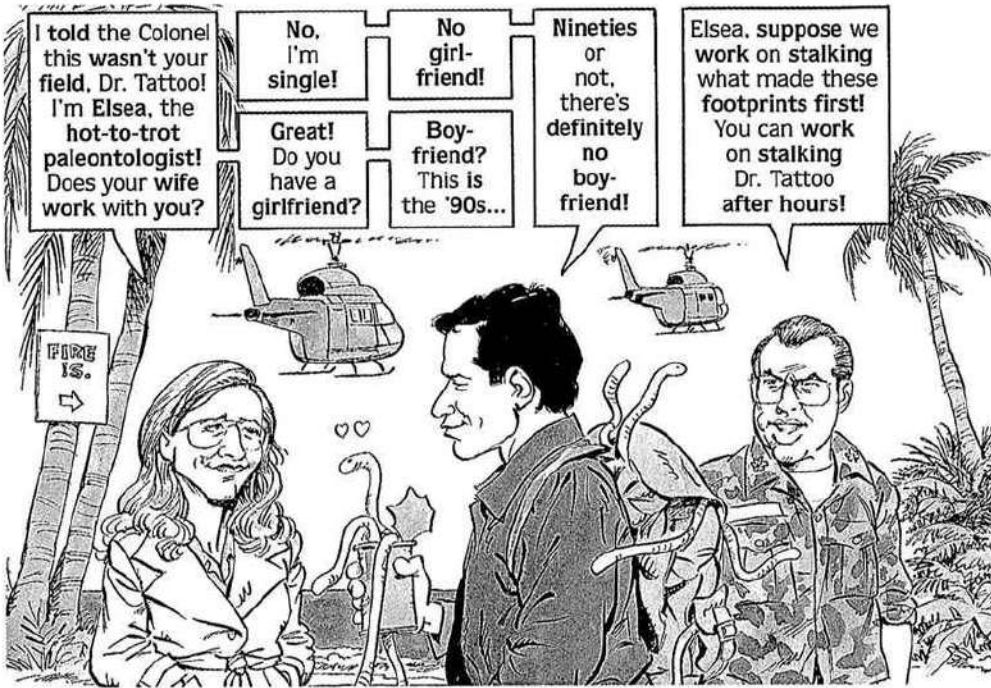
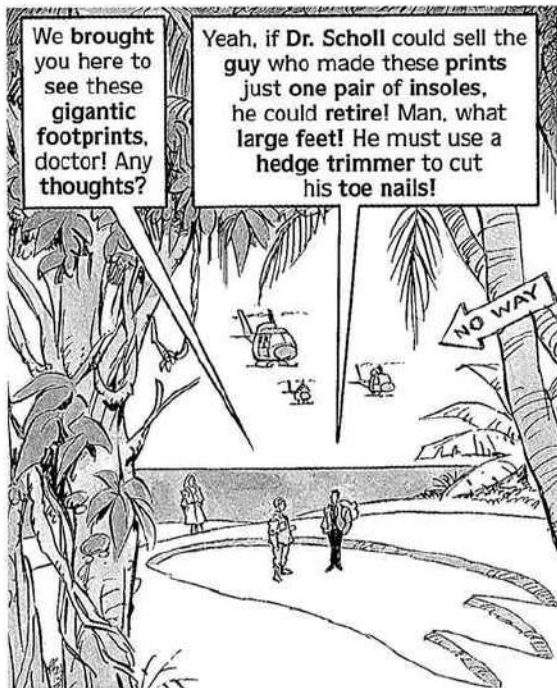
I'm Colonel Hicky! I make stupid decisions and don't listen to experts who really know what they're talking about! In other words, I'm your typical "movie" military officer, which, unfortunately, is typical of most real military officers!

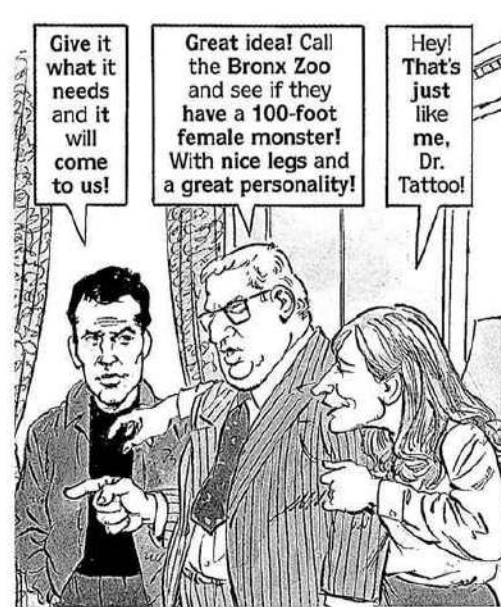
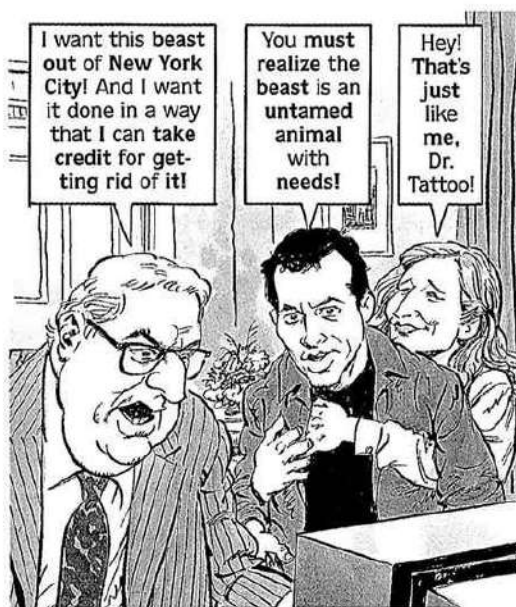
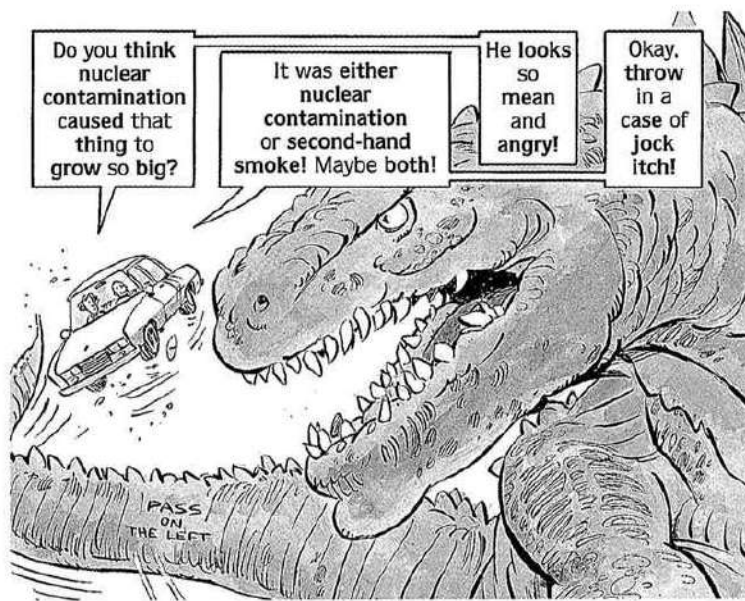
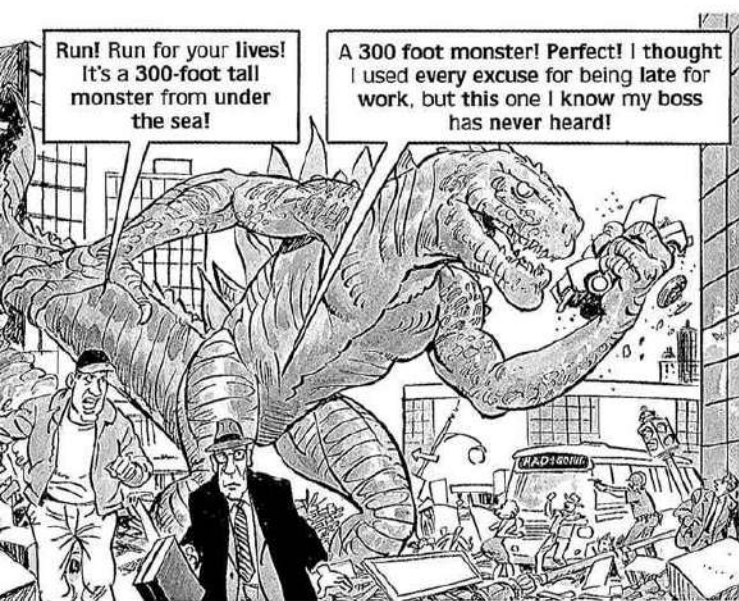
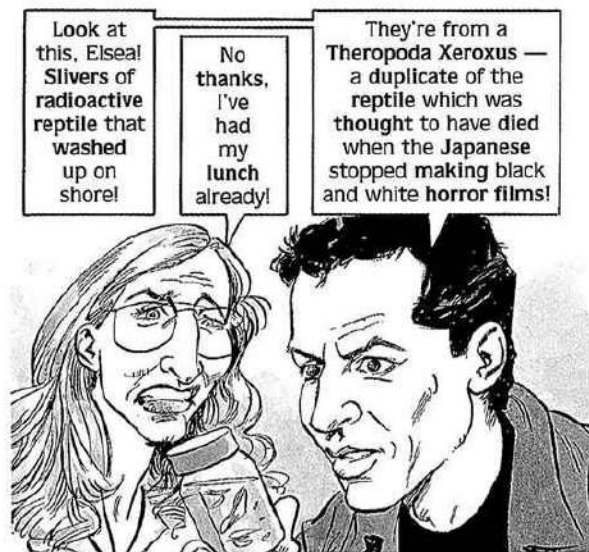
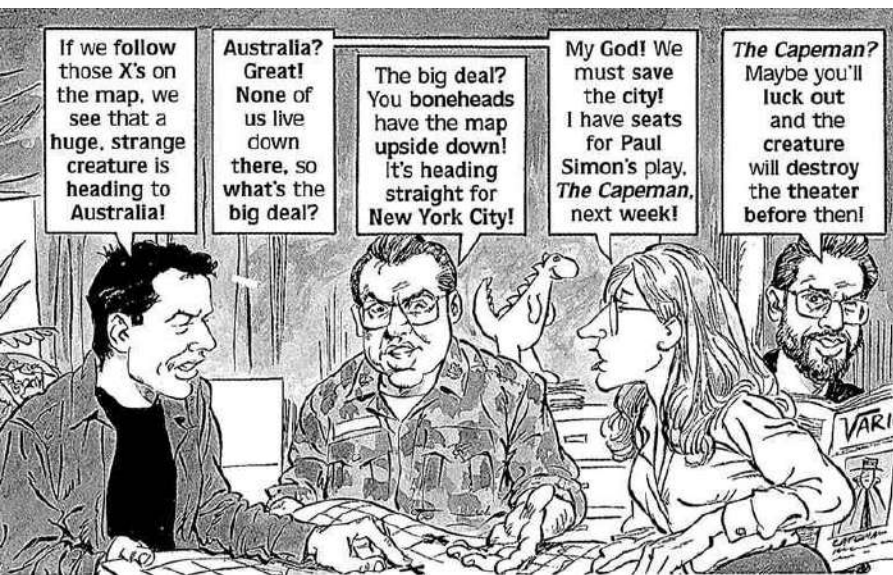


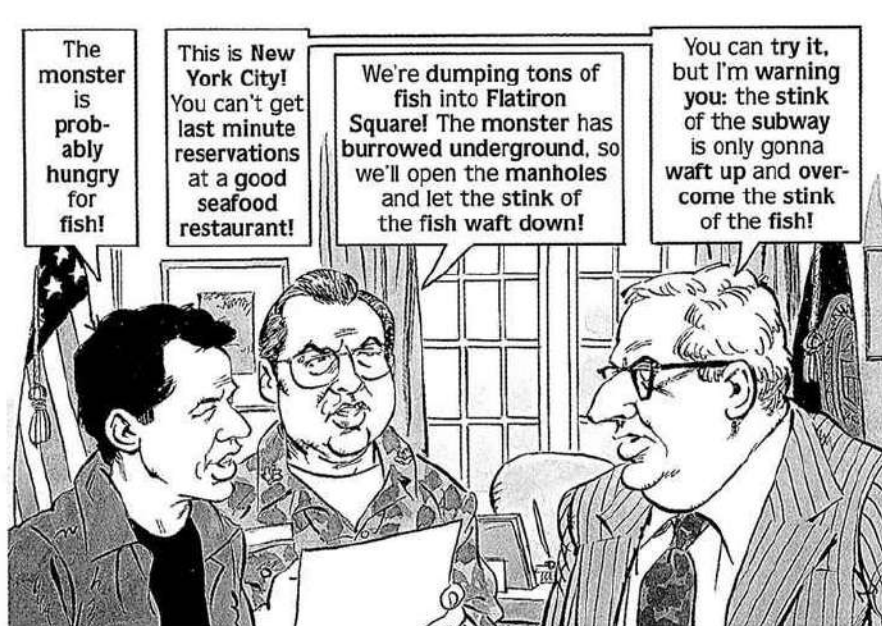
IT WAS THE BEAST OF TIMES...DEPT.

GOTSILLY

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST ANGELO TORRES





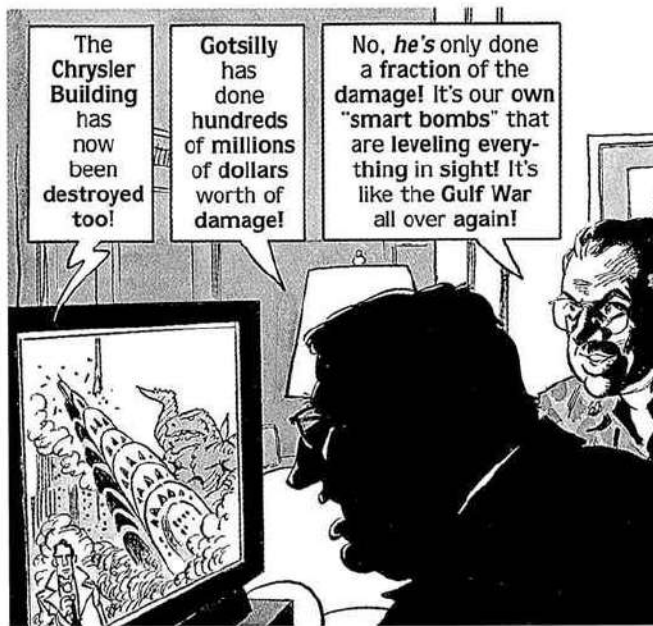


The monster is probably hungry for fish!

This is New York City! You can't get last minute reservations at a good seafood restaurant!

We're dumping tons of fish into Flatiron Square! The monster has burrowed underground, so we'll open the manholes and let the stink of the fish waft down!

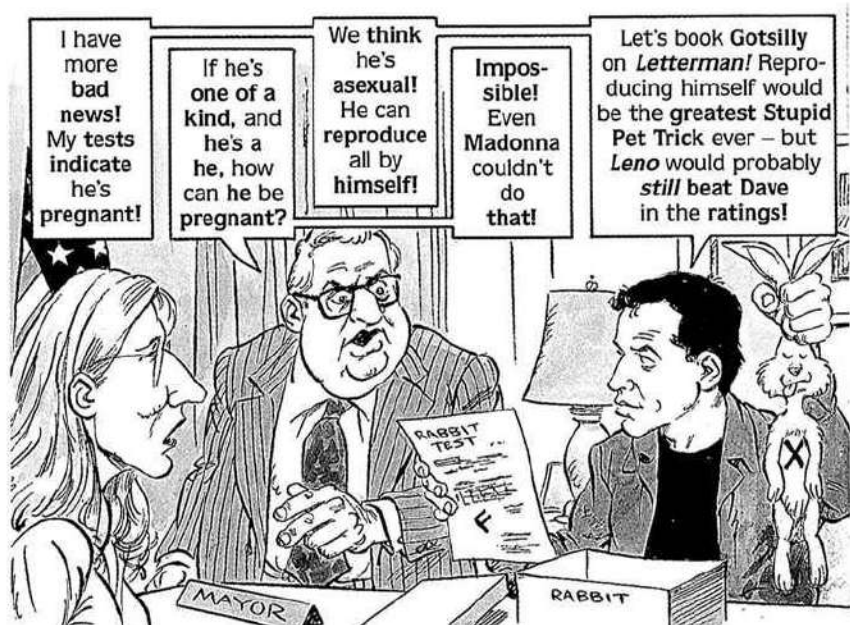
You can try it, but I'm warning you: the stink of the subway is only gonna waft up and overcome the stink of the fish!



The Chrysler Building has now been destroyed too!

Gotsilly has done hundreds of millions of dollars worth of damage!

No, *he's* only done a fraction of the damage! It's our own "smart bombs" that are leveling everything in sight! It's like the Gulf War all over again!



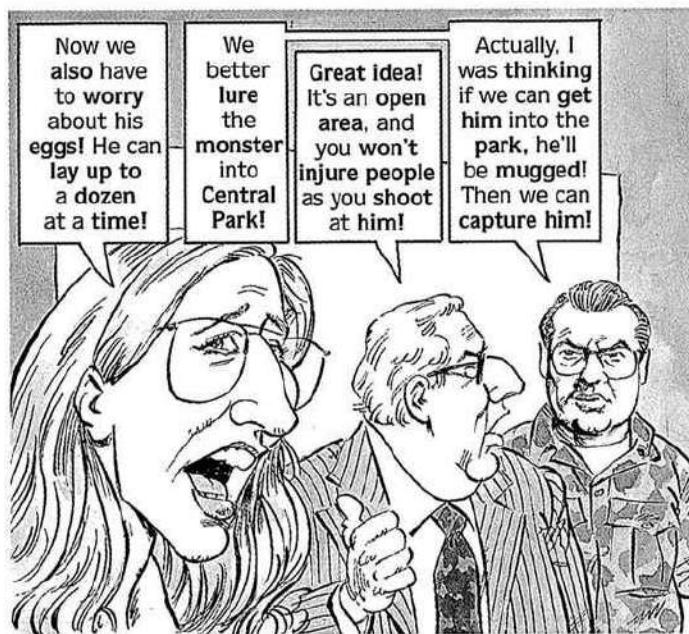
I have more bad news! My tests indicate he's pregnant!

If he's one of a kind, and he's a he, how can he be pregnant?

We think he's asexual! He can reproduce all by himself!

Impossible! Even Madonna couldn't do that!

Let's book Gotsilly on *Letterman*! Reproducing himself would be the greatest Stupid Pet Trick ever - but *Leno* would probably still beat Dave in the ratings!

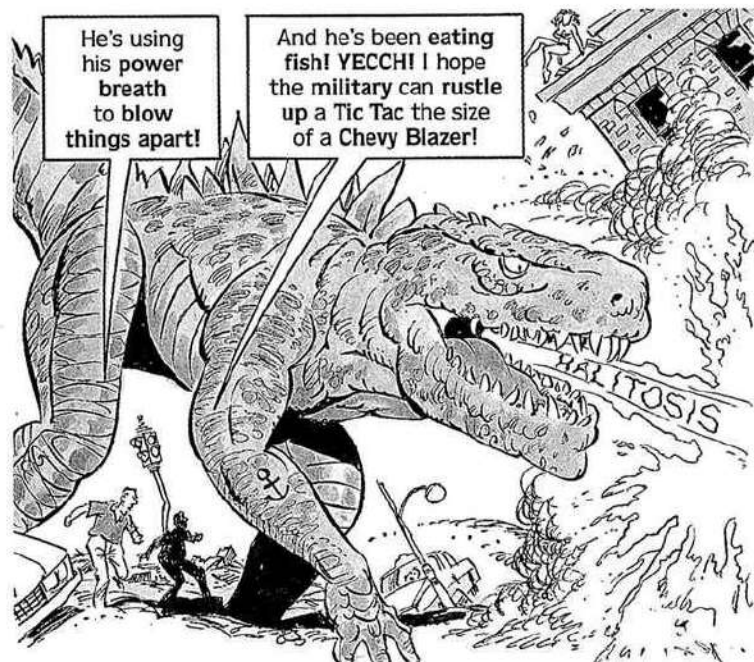


Now we also have to worry about his eggs! He can lay up to a dozen at a time!

We better lure the monster into Central Park!

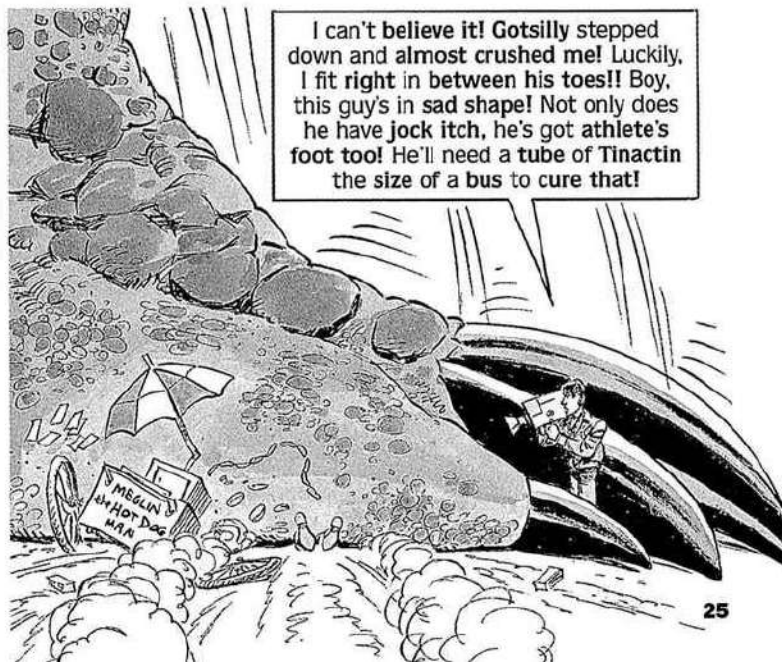
Great idea! It's an open area, and you won't injure people as you shoot at him!

Actually, I was thinking if we can get him into the park, he'll be mugged! Then we can capture him!

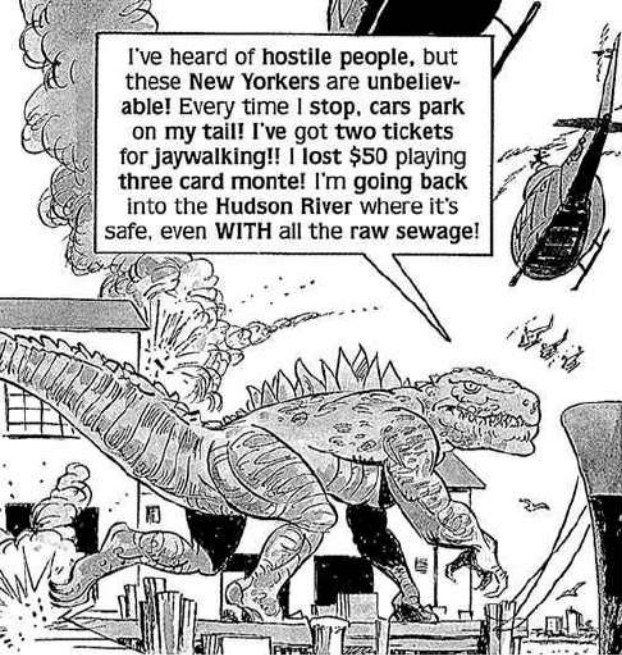


He's using his power breath to blow things apart!

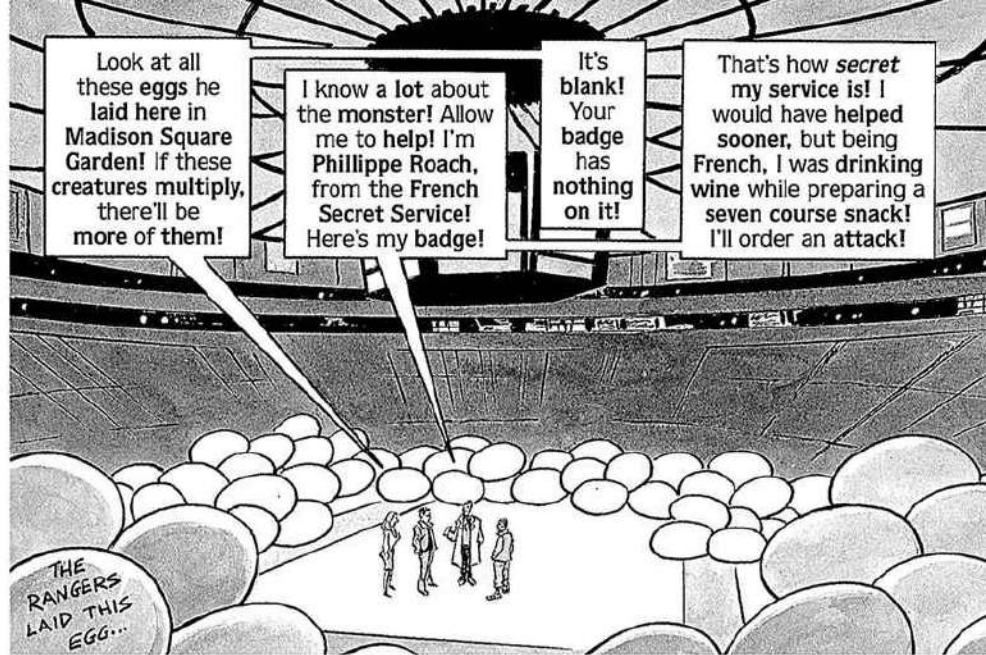
And he's been eating fish! YECCHI! I hope the military can rustle up a Tic Tac the size of a Chevy Blazer!



I can't believe it! Gotsilly stepped down and almost crushed me! Luckily, I fit right in between his toes!! Boy, this guy's in sad shape! Not only does he have jock itch, he's got athlete's foot too! He'll need a tube of Tinactin the size of a bus to cure that!



I've heard of hostile people, but these New Yorkers are unbelievable! Every time I stop, cars park on my tail! I've got two tickets for jaywalking!! I lost \$50 playing three card monte! I'm going back into the Hudson River where it's safe, even WITH all the raw sewage!

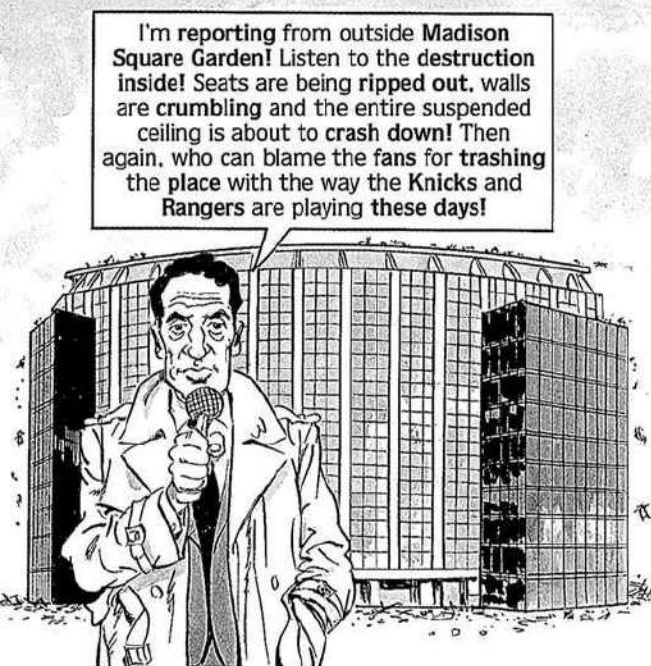


Look at all these eggs he laid here in Madison Square Garden! If these creatures multiply, there'll be more of them!

I know a lot about the monster! Allow me to help! I'm Phillippe Roach, from the French Secret Service! Here's my badge!

It's blank! Your badge has nothing on it!

That's how *secret* my service is! I would have helped sooner, but being French, I was drinking wine while preparing a seven course snack! I'll order an attack!



I'm reporting from outside Madison Square Garden! Listen to the destruction inside! Seats are being ripped out, walls are crumbling and the entire suspended ceiling is about to crash down! Then again, who can blame the fans for trashing the place with the way the Knicks and Rangers are playing these days!



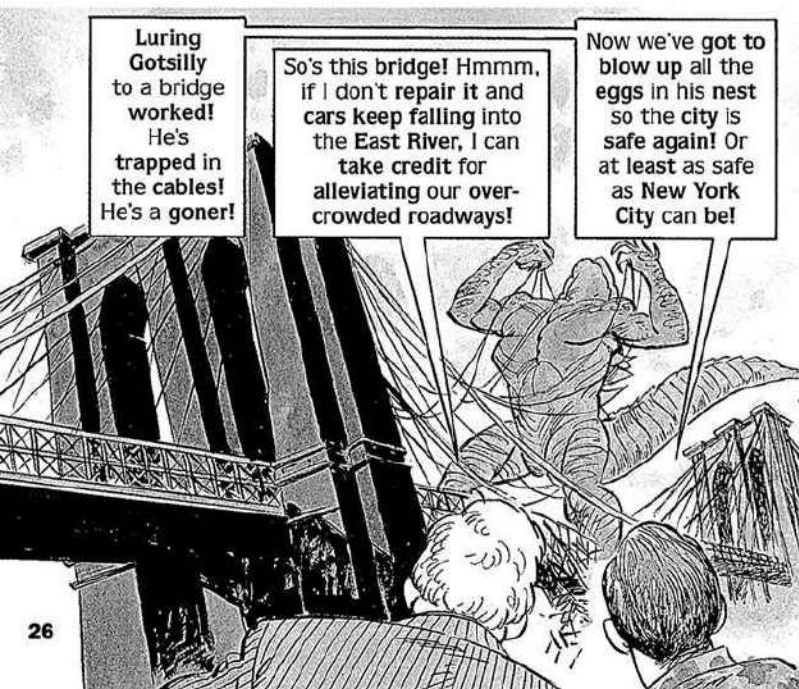
I don't believe it! Gotsilly is climbing back out of the Hudson River! Will **NOTHING** stop this monster? Worse yet, will **NOTHING** end this movie?

Gotsilly doesn't give up easily! We've got to lure him to a bridge!

So we can get him trapped in the cables?

No, so we can wreck something other than buildings! That was done to death in *In-dependence Day*!

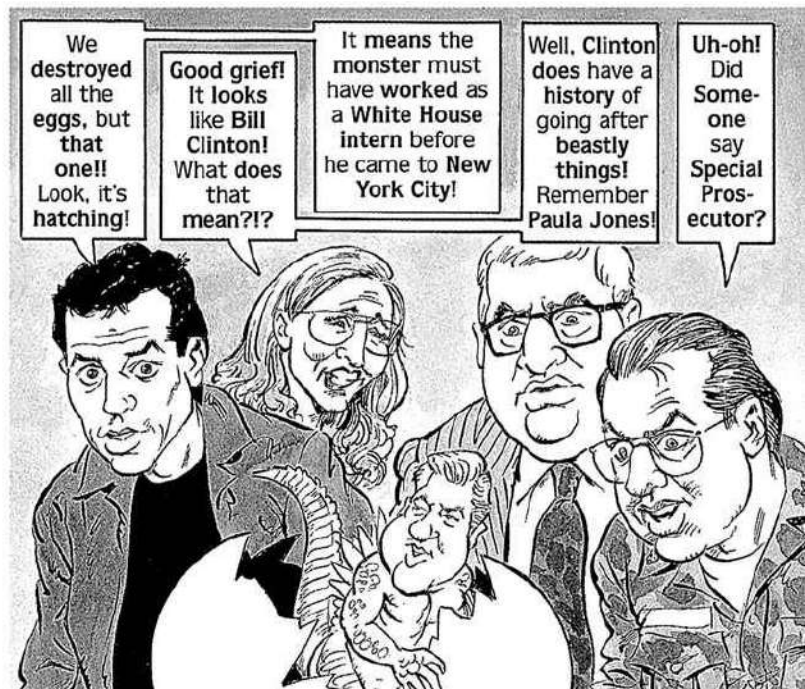
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #370, JUN 1998



Luring Gotsilly to a bridge worked! He's trapped in the cables! He's a goner!

So's this bridge! Hmmm, if I don't repair it and cars keep falling into the East River, I can take credit for alleviating our overcrowded roadways!

Now we've got to blow up all the eggs in his nest so the city is safe again! Or at least as safe as New York City can be!



We destroyed all the eggs, but that one!! Look, it's hatching!

Good grief! It looks like Bill Clinton! What does that mean?!!?

It means the monster must have worked as a White House intern before he came to New York City!

Well, Clinton does have a history of going after beastly things! Remember Paula Jones!

Uh-oh! Did Someone say Special Prosecutor?



WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE LIZARD DEPT.

As we saw from the recent Godzilla movie — and from the 847 Godzilla movies that preceded it — he is one tough lizard to put down! Invariably, humanity attacks the beast with missiles, torpedoes and bombs, but none of them ever do much damage. So the next time Godzilla stomps up out of the ocean, the good guys should just kick back and use these...

7 EASY WAYS TO DEFEAT GODZILLA

INTRODUCE HIM TO THE AVERAGE AMERICAN DIET. IN NO TIME HE'LL BE TOO FAT AND LETHARGIC TO DESTROY ANYTHING.

AIR-DROP AN ENORMOUS WIDE-SCREEN TELEVISION COMPLETE WITH FREE NETFLIX NEAR HIM. HE'LL SPEND THE NEXT TEN YEARS BINGE-WATCHING TV SHOWS.



INSTEAD OF ATTACKING WITH BATTLESHIPS, SEND A FLEET OF CARNIVAL CRUISE SHIPS AFTER HIM. SOON AFTER EATING THEM, HE'LL BE VOMITING AND SICK WITH DIARRHEA.



DISPATCH DENNIS RODMAN AS AN UNOFFICIAL U.S. AMBASSADOR TO REASON WITH HIM.

Yo, bro, have you ever thought about playing basketball? I bet you could shut down LeBron!



REGRETFULLY INFORM HIM THAT HIS JOB HAS BEEN OUTSOURCED TO A CHEAPER MONSTER FROM INDIA.



HAVE PRESIDENT OBAMA INTRODUCE A CONGRESSIONAL BILL SUPPORTING AN ATTACK BY GODZILLA, WHICH WILL ENSURE THAT REPUBLICANS IN THE HOUSE AND SENATE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO DEFEAT IT.



MAKE SURE DETROIT IS THE FIRST AMERICAN CITY HE SEES. HE'LL ASSUME THE U.S. HAS ALREADY BEEN DESTROYED BY SOME OTHER MONSTER AND ATTACK CANADA INSTEAD.



WRITER MIKE MORSE ARTIST HERMANN MEJIA

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #528, AUG 2014



THERE'S NO GHOUL LIKE AN OLD GHOUL DEPT.

Between terrorizing the populace, frightening little kids, and eating whoever you want, being a monster usually seems like a pretty glamorous thing. But what's often forgotten is that as they get older, monsters have to cope with the same depressing issues as aging mortal coots. So pop an Ex-Lax, tighten your Depends, and prepare to be scared stiff by this horrifically comprehensive list of...

Everyday Annoyances of

ELDERLY MONSTERS

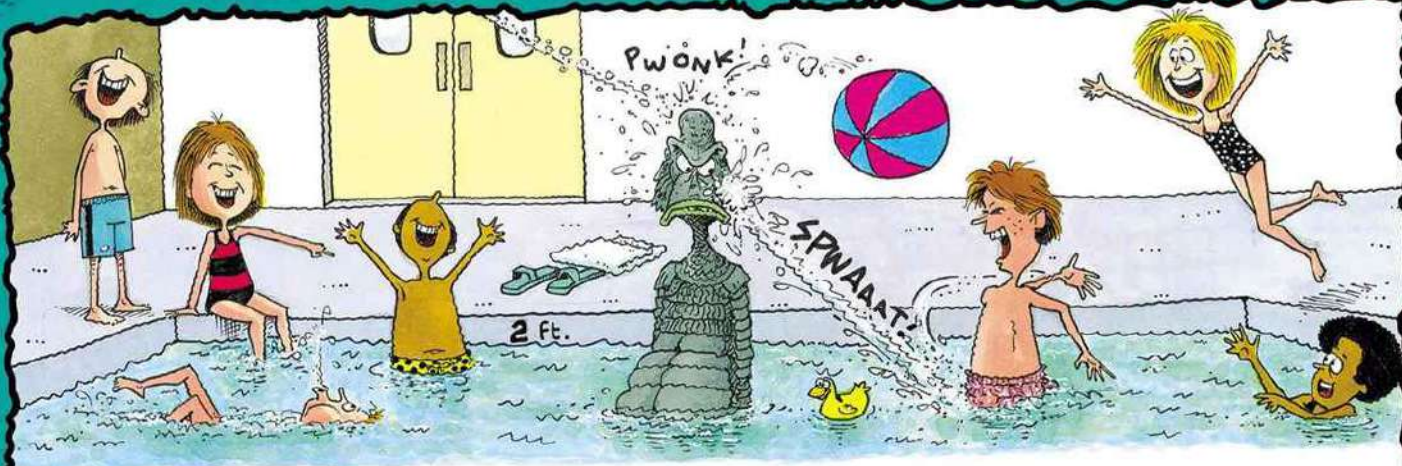
WRITER & ARTIST JOHN CALDWELL



Visible diaper lines



Needing another hip replacement and then getting conned into doing most of the digging



Adult swim at the community center cut to a crummy two hours a day



The eyesight ain't what it used to be



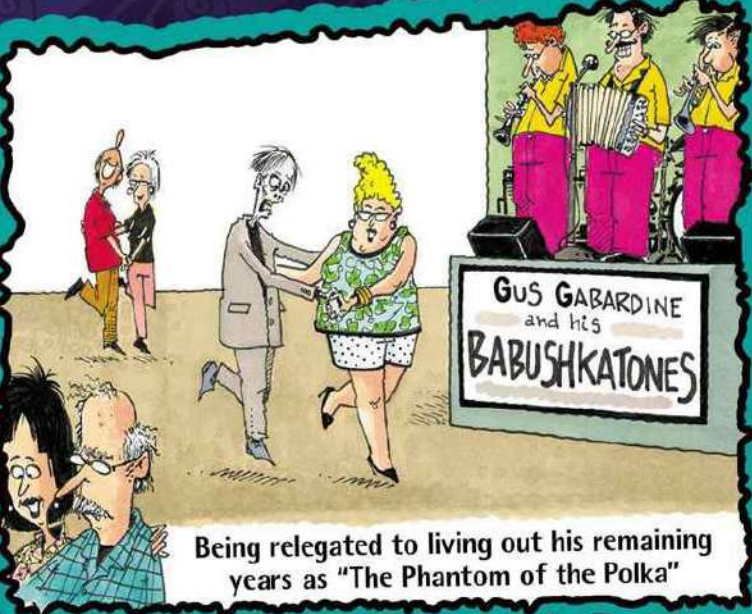
Measly alimony check from Ol' Bolt-Brain barely keeps her in Bingo money



Having to deal with the fact that Medicare doesn't cover distemper boosters



Early-bird specials that end well before sundown



Being relegated to living out his remaining years as "The Phantom of the Polka"



Having to gum commuter trains



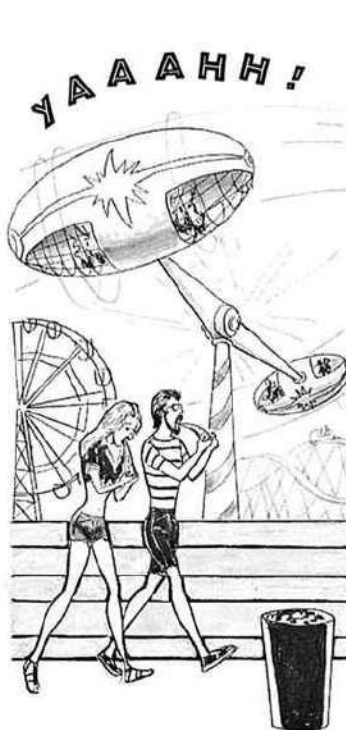
SPLASH



BERG'S EYE VIEW DEPT.

Best of THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

SW

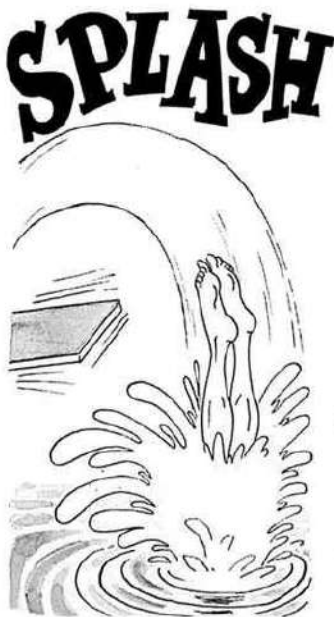


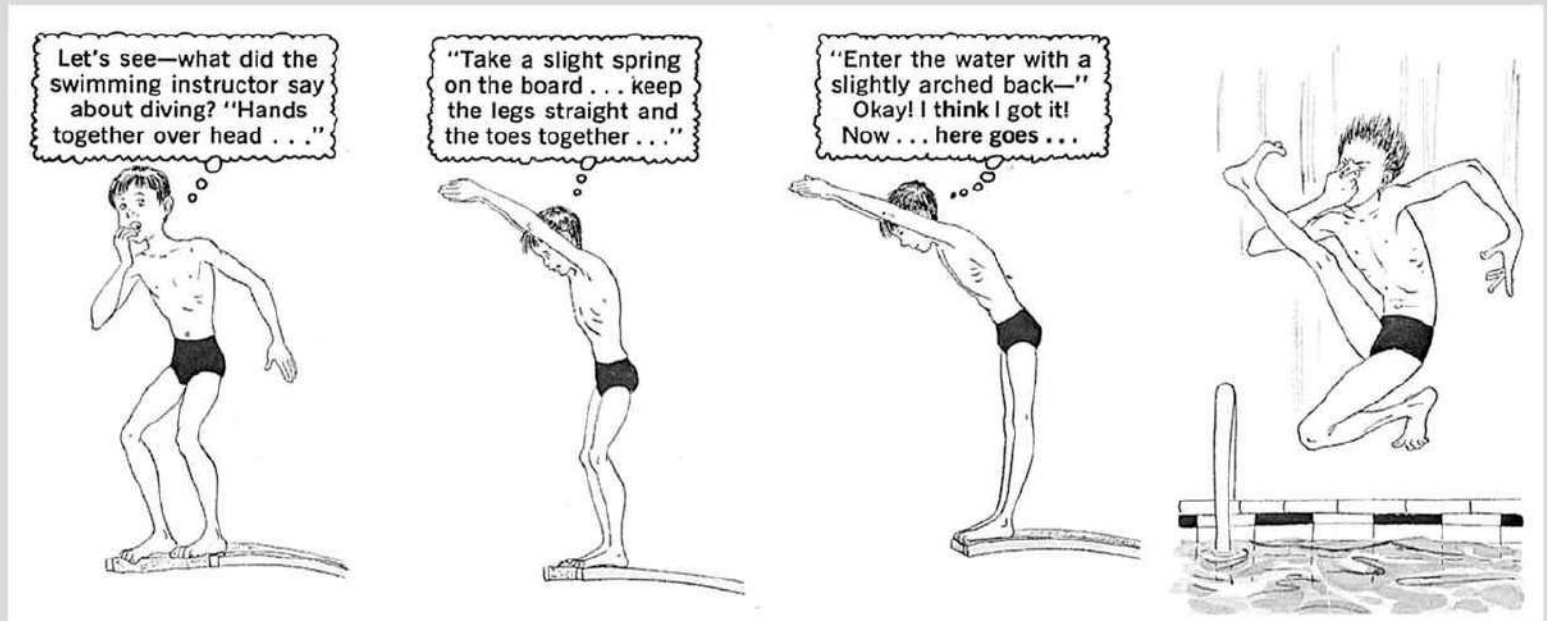
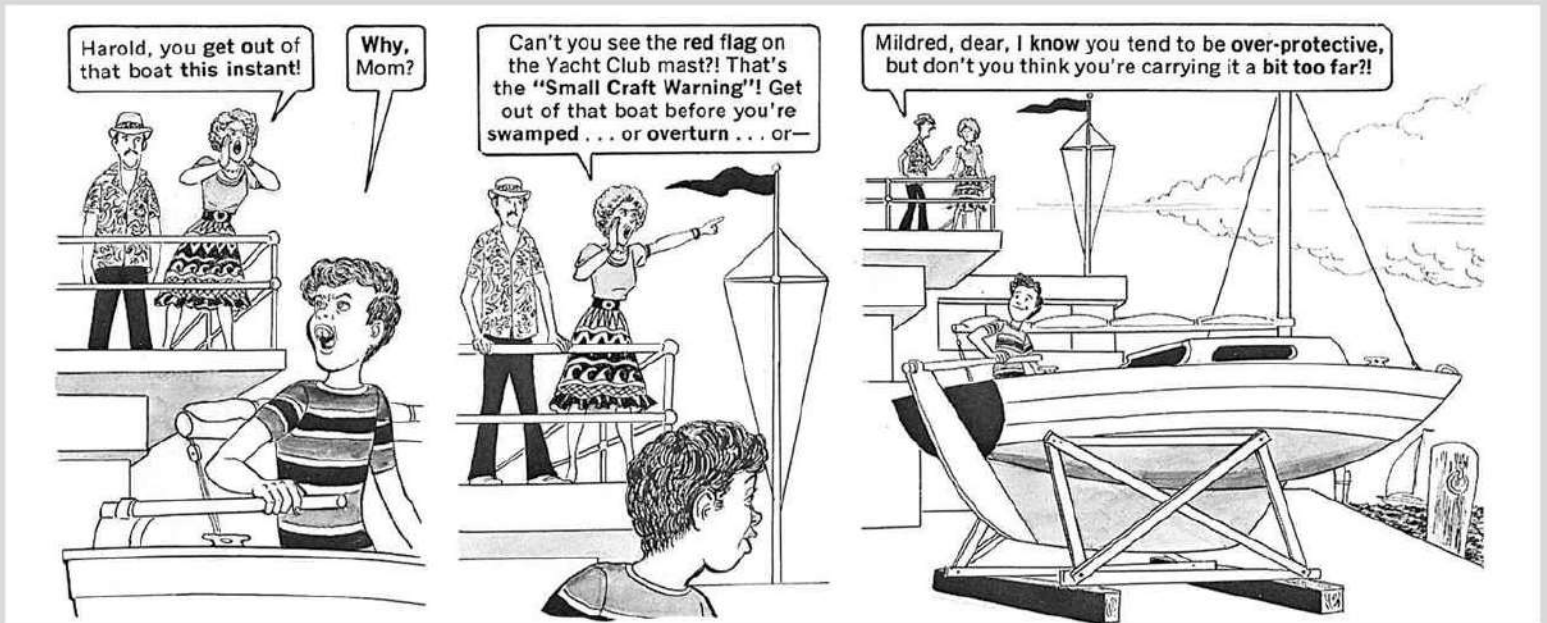


summer

WRITER & ARTIST DAVE BERG

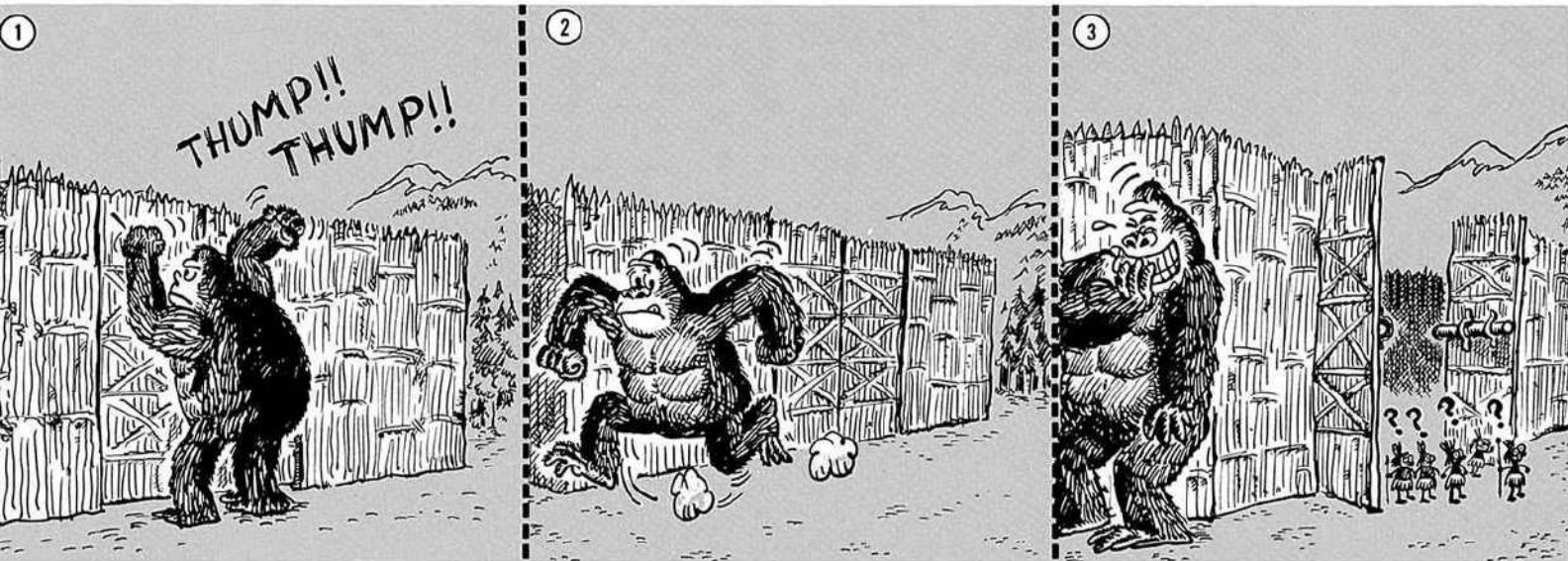








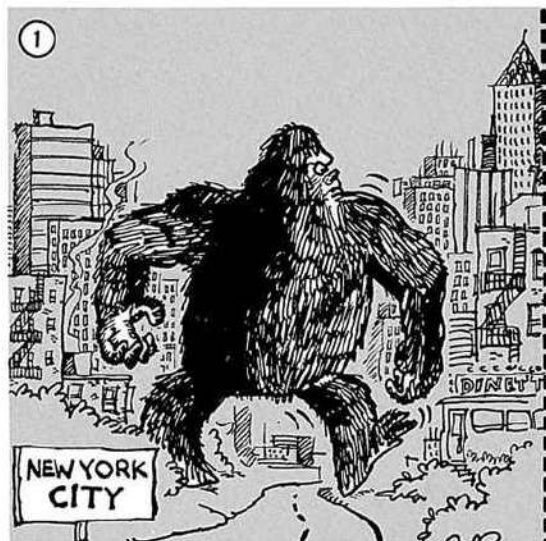
A MAO LOOK

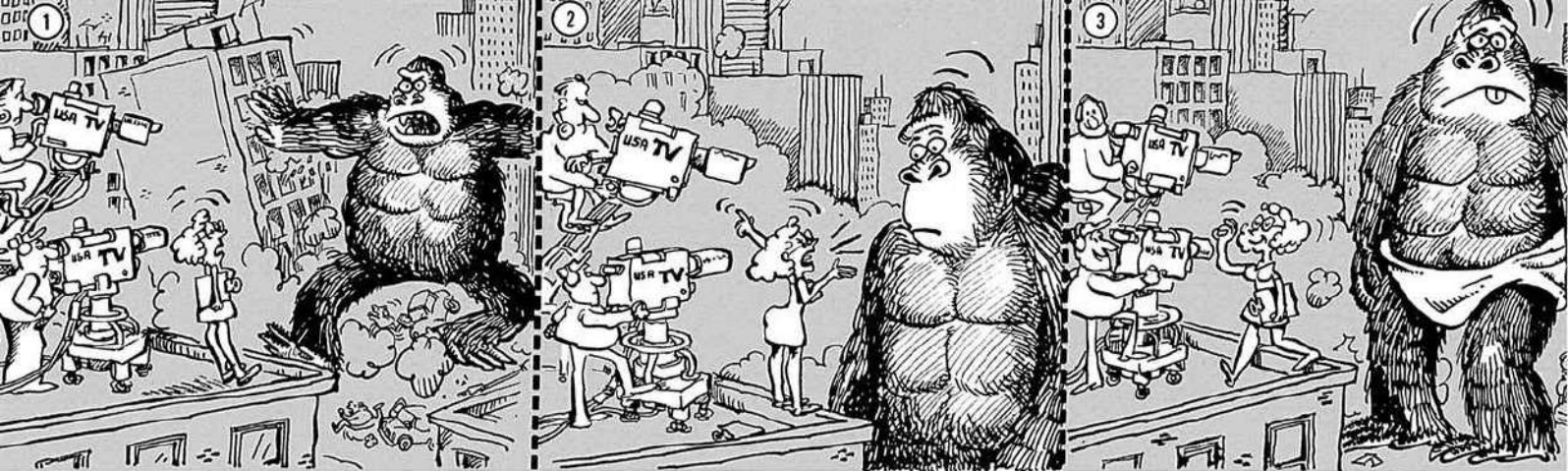


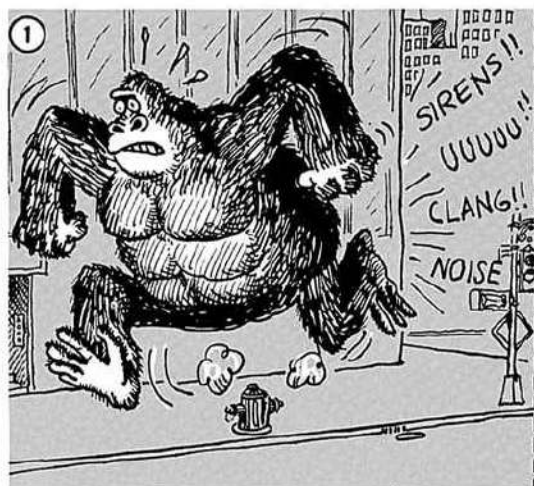
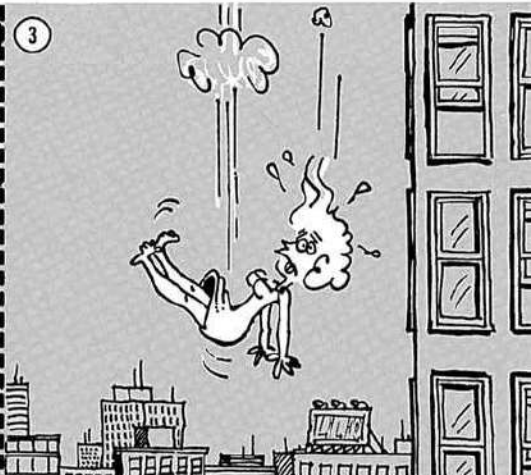
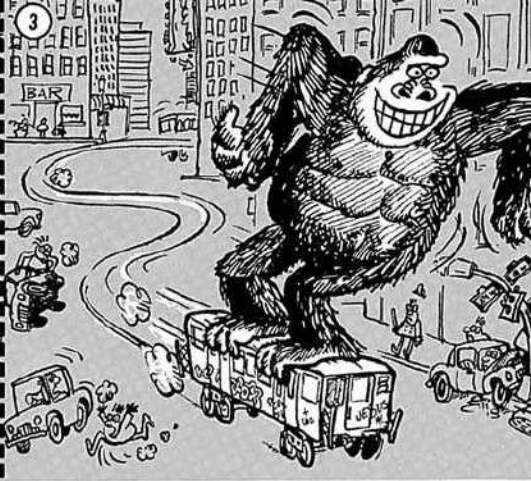
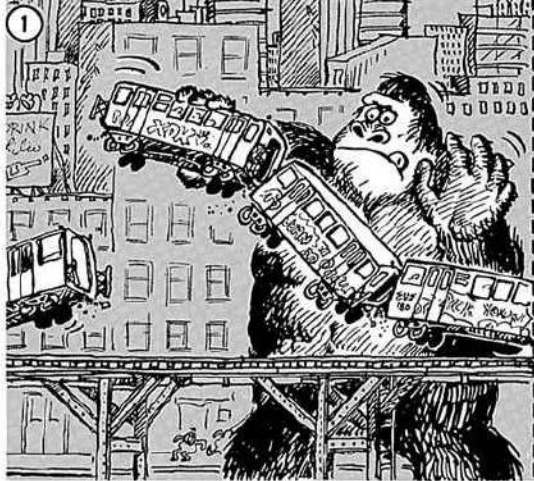
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**



AT KING KONG







ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #192, JUL 1977





MAD'S CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will become tomorrow's obituary!

THIS MONTH'S BODY BAG FILLER TO BE:

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #370, JUL 1998

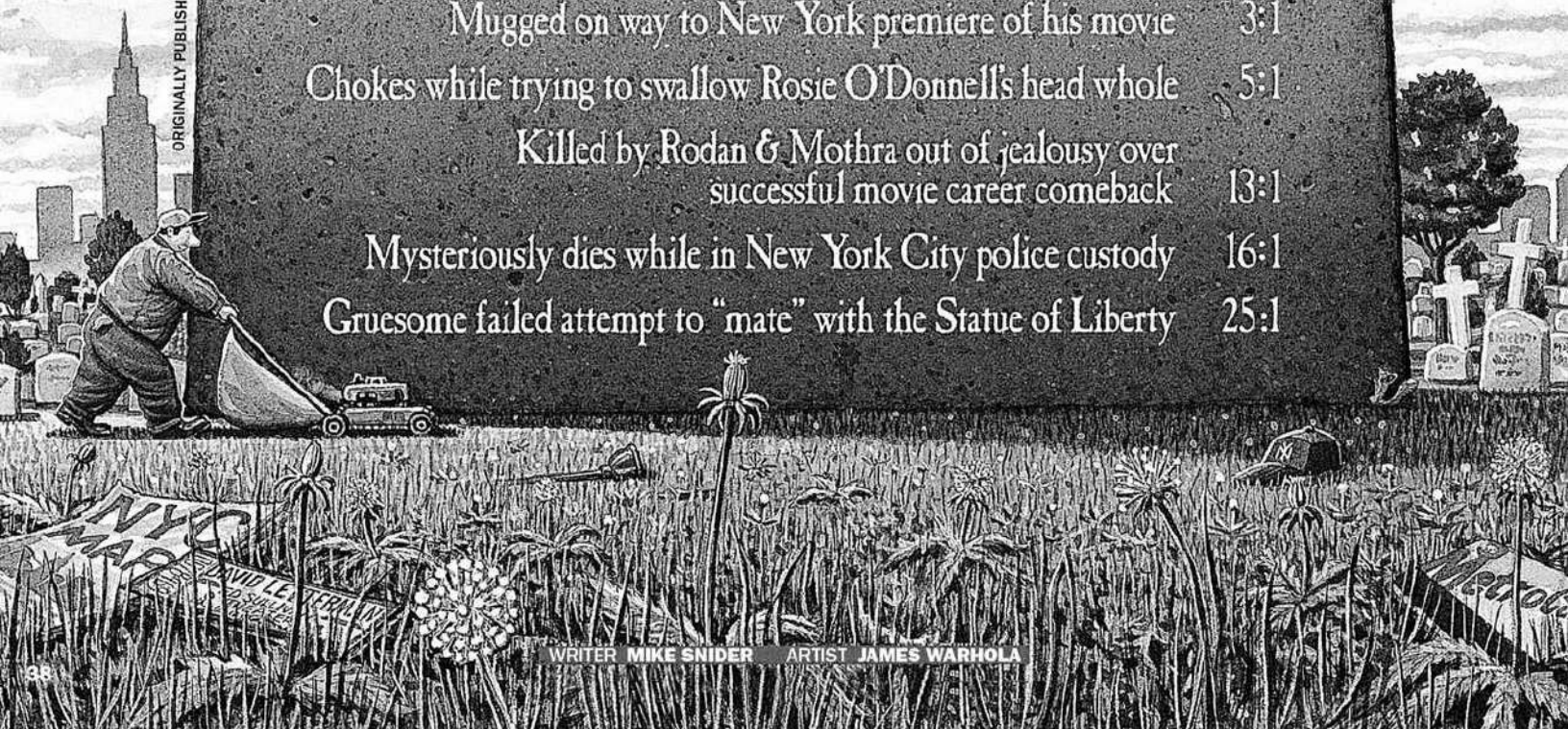


Godzilla

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Deadly bacterial infection from wading up New York's East River	2:1
Mugged on way to New York premiere of his movie	3:1
Chokes while trying to swallow Rosie O'Donnell's head whole	5:1
Killed by Rodan & Mothra out of jealousy over successful movie career comeback	13:1
Mysteriously dies while in New York City police custody	16:1
Gruesome failed attempt to "mate" with the Statue of Liberty	25:1





MAD's

STUPIDEST BEHIND THE
SCENES FACTS ABOUT
PETER JACKSON'S REMAKE OF...

KING KONG

WRITERS **DESMOND DEVLIN & SCOTT MAIKO** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #459, NOV 2005

Jack Black unsuccessfully lobbied director Peter Jackson to alter the famous last line of the film to: "It was beauty killed the beast, dude!"

When it was announced that *Lord of the Rings* director Peter Jackson would be doing a remake of the 1933 classic *King Kong*, anititcoolnews.com behemoth Harry Knowles' orgasmic groan was detected by seismologists as far away as Honshu, Japan.

The entire cast from the original 1933 production of *King Kong* makes cameos as the bones worn by tribesmen on Skull Island.

After King Kong destroys several New York City landmarks, President Bush—in a rare cameo—quickly blames Saddam Hussein.

Tom Cruise's lunatic couch-bouncing Oprah appearance was used by CGI animators as the basis for one of Kong's rampages.

MERCHANDISE
\$\$\$\$

PROPERTY OF
MIDDLE
EARTH



After directing *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, Peter Jackson has kept his streak alive with *King Kong*! He took *another* classic story and turned it into a bloated, boring, endless movie! Sure, it was a timeless film that didn't need remaking — but leave it to Petey to go ahead anyway and give us...

KING

Cad Denim, director, at your service! Everything's in place! I have a screenwriter who's barely written a word of the script! I have an unknown vaudeville star I just found roaming the streets unemployed! I have a studio that's trying to have me hauled off to jail for embezzlement! And I've been passing bad checks to everyone I meet! All in all, I'd say I've never been in better shape! God, I love showbiz!

As Pressing, Cad's cameraman, it's my job to get everything he wants on film! And when I say "everything" I mean he wants nothing edited out! We call it the "Peter Jackson" approach to filming! If you make the audience sit through it all, sooner or later they're bound to see something they like!

I knew I never should have taken a job writing for a low-rent director like Cad! The creep! I want it known that I don't spend my entire time writing crap like this for the screen! I'm much more professional than that! I prefer writing crap like this for the Broadway stage! Why didn't I listen to my mother and stick with playing the piano! I bet I could have won an Academy Award!

I know I'm going to love working with Cad Denim! Right off the bat he told me I don't belong on the stage, but in the movies! He said my one-dimensional personality is perfect for the flat screen! I mean, if that isn't supportive, what is?...Holy cow! They told me my leading man would be tall and dark, but my God... I better insist on wearing my heels!

I'm the star in this epic! I know I'm truly handsome, but let me set the record straight! I'm more than a pretty face! I've also got a great body! Even though I'm a lot prettier than Gam Sorrow, the best thing I've got in my favor is that I'm not your typical giant ape's type — unless, of course, besides coming out from behind the giant wall, the ape also plans on coming out of the closet!

I'm the youngest deckhand on board and this is my first voyage! I'm learning so much from Captain Foghorn! For instance, I always thought a ship used the anchor to hold it in place! Now I see you just run it up on a pile of rocks when you want it to stop! Who knew?

KORN!

I wonder if this could be Shill Island? I wish they would have marked this secret map with a "you are here" arrow! I'm a Captain of a ship, not a mind reader! I owe it to my crew never to put them in harm's way, but I don't see anything around here that looks risky — deserted huts, human remains scattered all over, a giant wall obviously built to contain some mammoth beast — just a typical Pacific Island paradise!

Finally another camera crew coming to this uncharted island! It's about time! Jobs for me are few and far between — the original in 1933, the crappy remake in 1976, and now this one, which looks like it may outcrap that last one! I just hope no one realizes my Screen Actors Guild card has expired!



I'm the senior deckhand of this rust bucket! As old as it is, it's pretty darn safe! That's why we only have one life preserver, one life boat and one life jacket! It gives people confidence to know we're confident we'll never use that stuff! Besides, it gives us more cargo space for our gallons and gallons of chloroform! Why we need so much of it is beyond me! This screenplay alone is enough to put everyone to sleep — including a 25-foot ape!

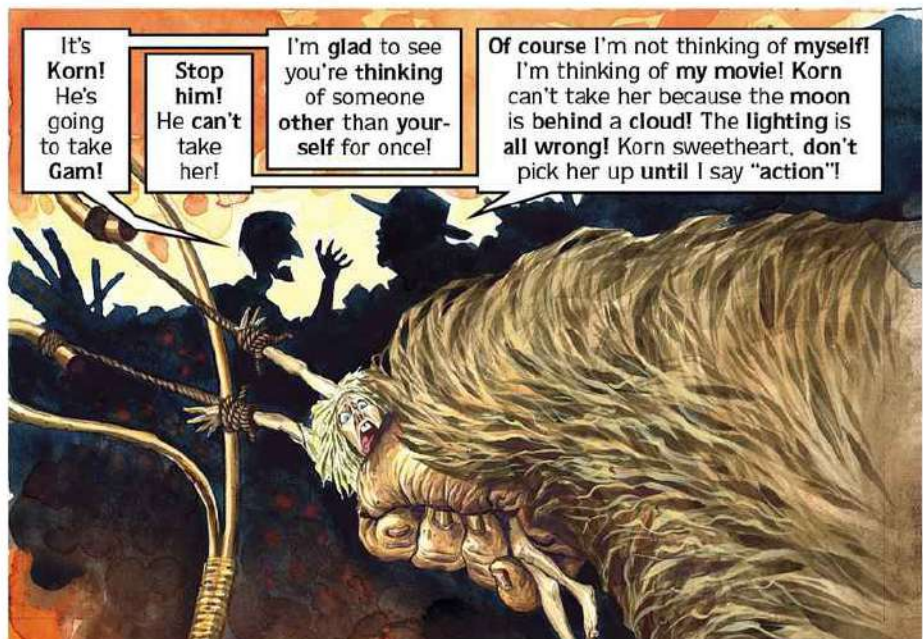
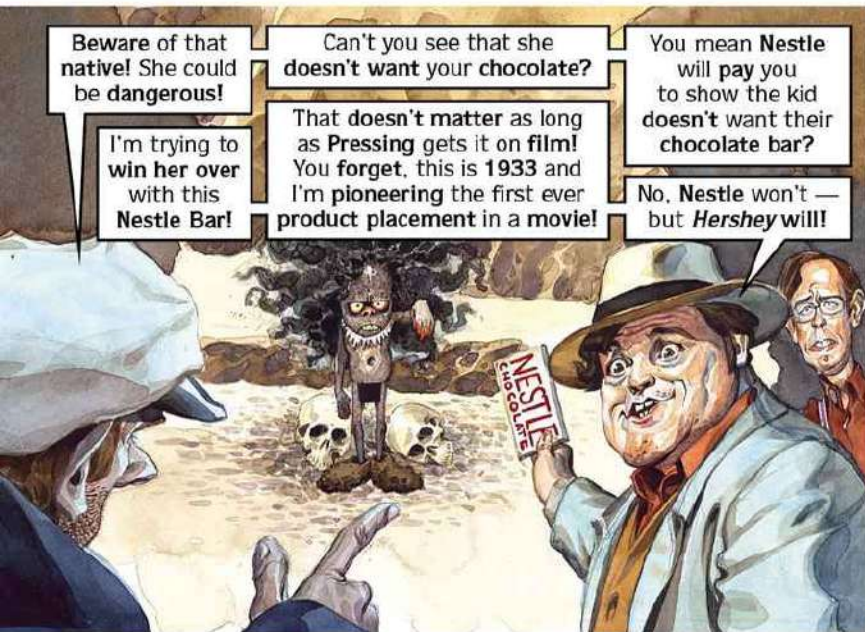
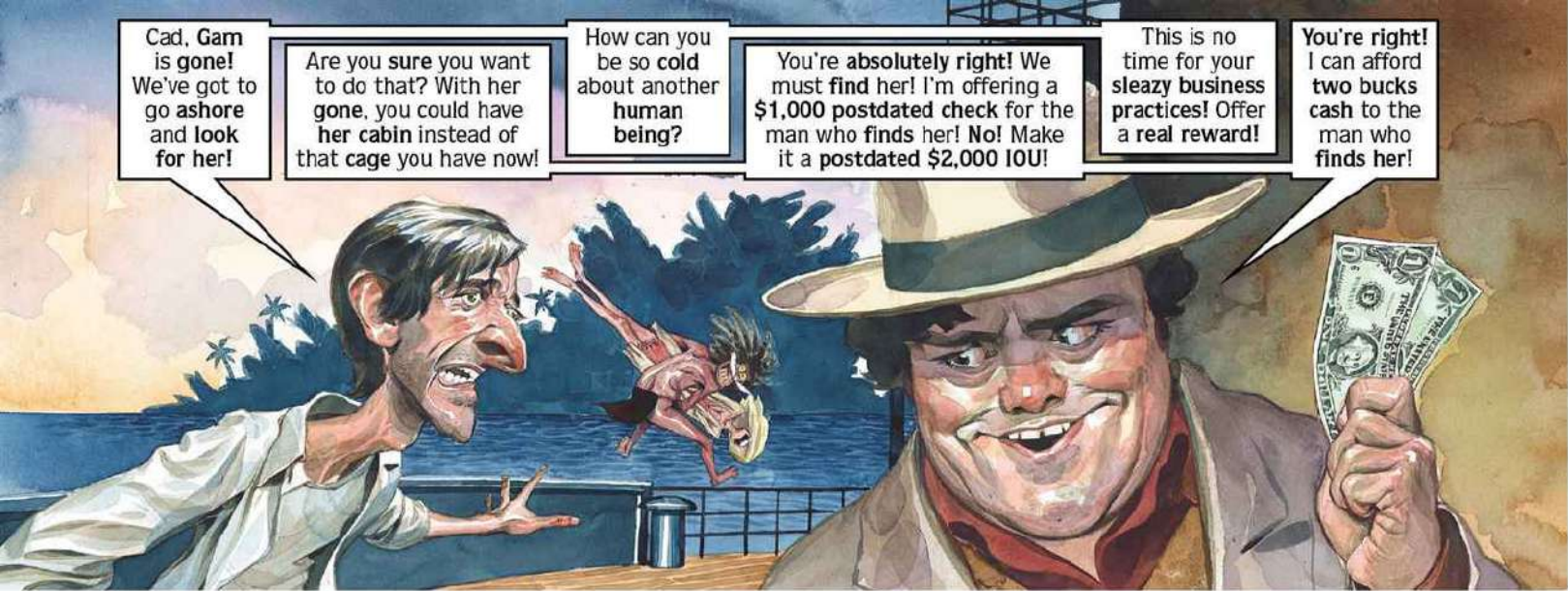
Okay, Survivors, in this Immunity Challenge both tribes will engage in a tug of war barefoot on jagged rocks and broken glass! The winners will receive Immunity; the losers will be eaten by dinosaurs! So as you can see, there is more at stake here than usual!

Go around to the back of the island, please! This part of the island is reserved for Korn, his guests and crew! That area is reserved for Jeff Probst and the CBS Survivor Party...

I like the beach, but it's getting too noisy!

And property values are going through the roof! I think we should buy land further in the jungle before Disney discovers the place and we can't afford anything!

Geez, we were the first ones here, and now look at the place!





Maybe I can mollify this big dumb ape by doing some of my old vaudeville act...
Puttin' on the ritz...

Hmm, it's not working! Maybe a strip tease might do it...



Bingo! All male animals are the same!



Now it's pre-historic monsters! What's next in this place?

I'm beginning to think this isn't Shill Island after all...

Ya think we stumbled on the *other* secret island movie location by mistake?

I'm praying that these beasts trample the camera! I just realized I left the film back on the ship and I'm gonna be in bigger trouble than this when Cad finds out!



That was amazing. Skinny! You shot all those giant spiders off me with a machine gun and yet you never hit me with a single bullet!

He didn't hit *you* with a single bullet, but at least **three** members of my crew are dead thanks to his "marks-manship"! Of course that does rein in my payroll quite a bit, so there *is* a bright side!



We caught Korn! Get the chloroform and put him to sleep!

No, I think it's going to be more like: Korn, *9th* wonder of the world. The *8th* wonder of the World is going to be how the hell we got a 25-foot ape up onto our tiny little ship and then sailed it all the way back to America!

When we get to New York I can see the theatre marquee now! Korn, the *8th* Wonder of the World!

Hmmm...I got an idea!



Drop another bottle of chloroform in his nose and steer 14 degrees to starboard!

Am I a genius or what?!

Not from where I'm sitting!



There's nothing to fear, ladies and gentlemen! Those chains are made of high strength steel!

Actually, those chains are made of low grade aluminum! We had to cut corners somewhere! I mean, publicity or not, putting Korn up at the Waldorf so he could watch the sunset was ridiculous!

I see Korn made it! I guess my big break as his understudy isn't tonight!





Korn broke free! He's loose somewhere in the city!

Could you describe the perpetrator? Height? Any distinguishing marks?

He's big, tall, hairy and probably destroying the city looking for a 20-foot banana to eat!

Got it! I'll put all fruit stands on notice to be on the lookout for suspicious characters!

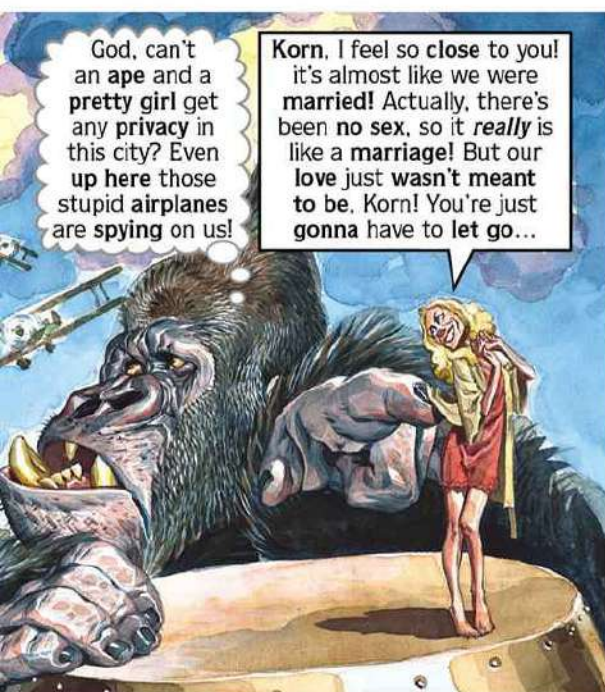


Hey, fellah! You can't go up there! There's an 800,000-pound gorilla on top of this building!

The woman I love is up there with that big ape!

Aww... okay, you can go up! Take the elevator with this guy!

What's the deal with the Empire State Building being a magnet for guys in romance movies?

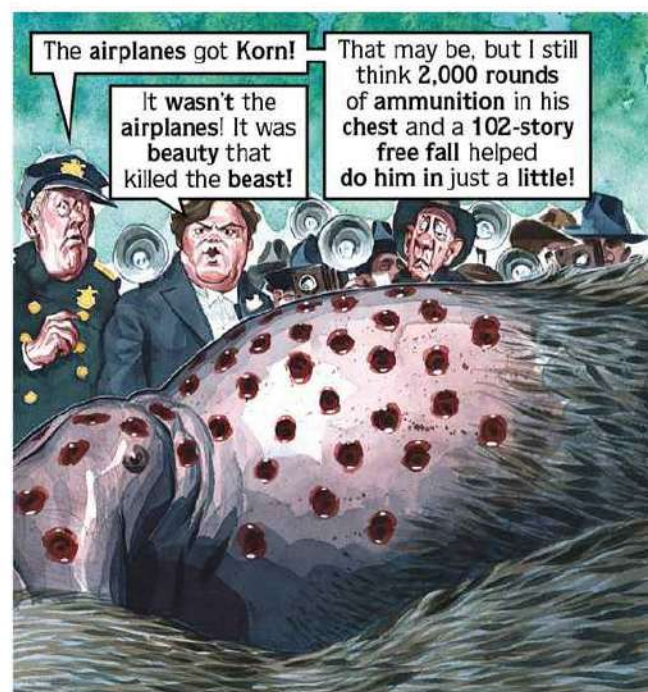


God, can't an ape and a pretty girl get any privacy in this city? Even up here those stupid airplanes are spying on us!

Korn, I feel so close to you! It's almost like we were married! Actually, there's been no sex, so it *really* is like a marriage! But our love just wasn't meant to be. Korn! You're just gonna have to let go...



I meant let go of your feelings, ya big schmuck!



The airplanes got Korn! It wasn't the airplanes! It was beauty that killed the beast!

That may be, but I still think 2,000 rounds of ammunition in his chest and a 102-story free fall helped do him in just a little!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #464, APR 2006

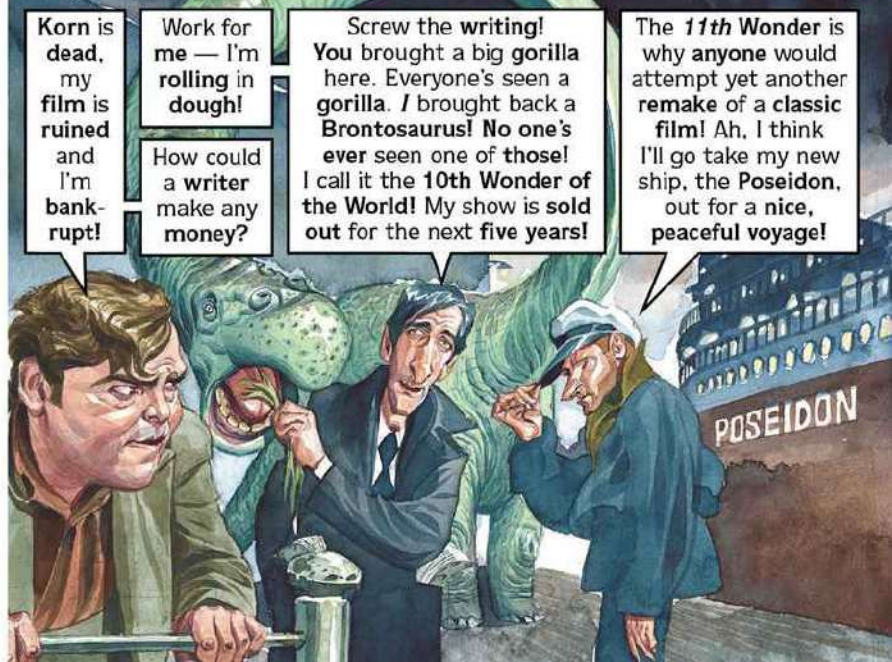


Is he dead?

No, he's just taking a nap for the next two million years!

No, the city is trying to see what Broadway would look like covered in fur, and he's just helping out!

No, he's counting the stories on the Empire State Building and it's much easier to do if he lies on his back!



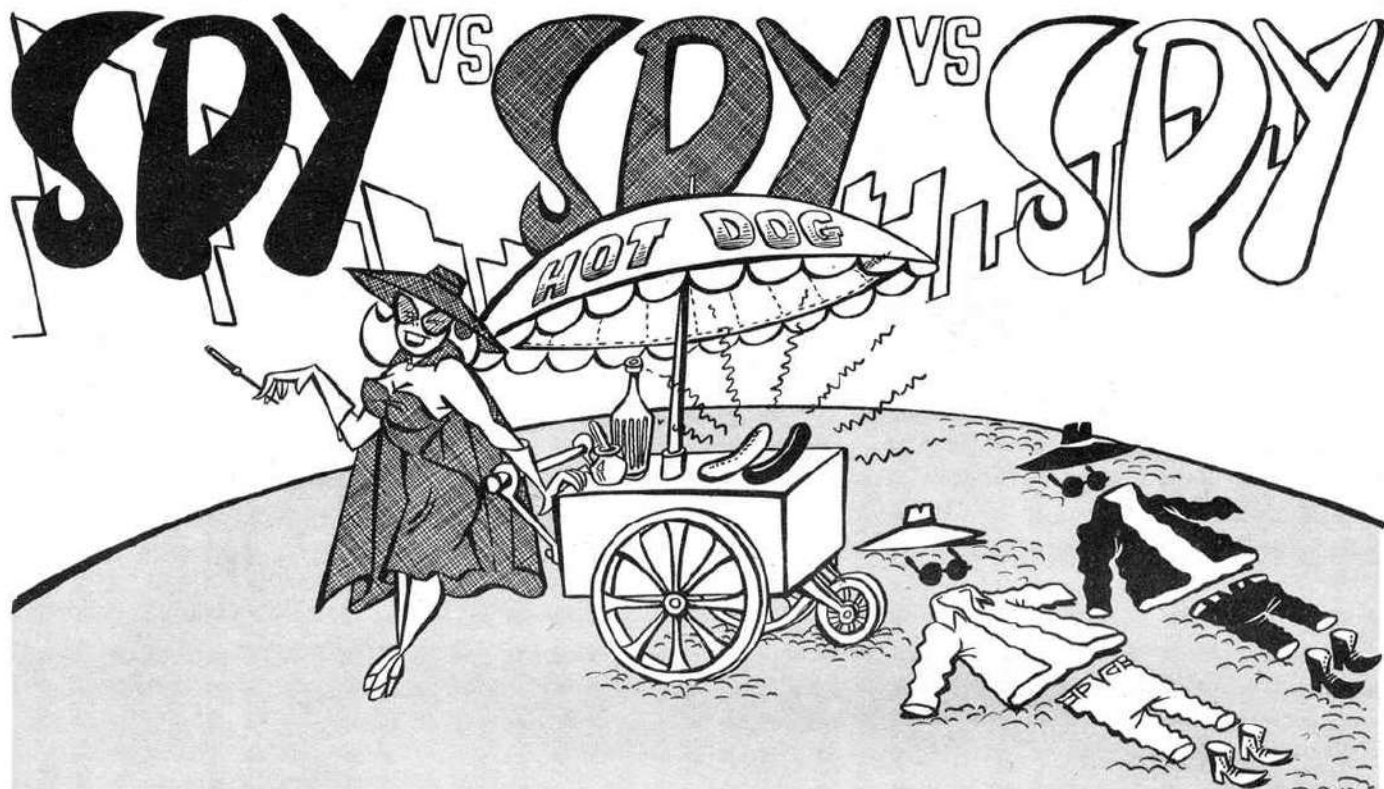
Korn is dead, my film is ruined and I'm bankrupt!

Work for me — I'm rolling in dough!

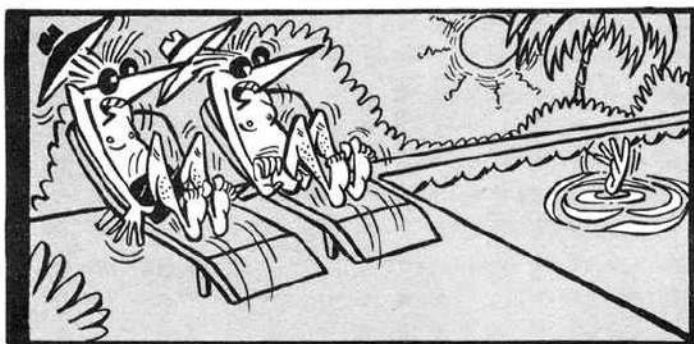
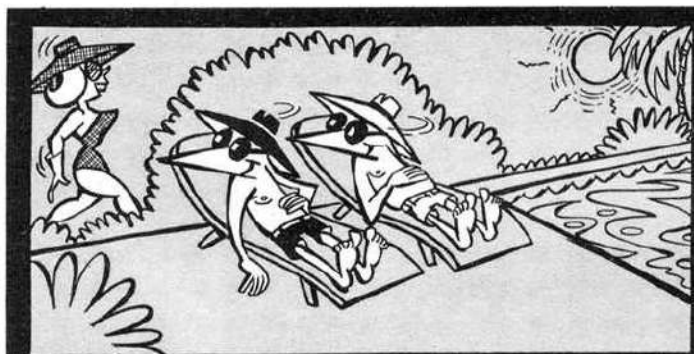
How could a writer make any money?

Screw the writing! You brought a big gorilla here. Everyone's seen a gorilla. I brought back a Brontosaurus! No one's ever seen one of those! I call it the 10th Wonder of the World! My show is sold out for the next five years!

The 11th Wonder is why anyone would attempt yet another remake of a classic film! Ah, I think I'll go take my new ship, the Poseidon, out for a nice, peaceful voyage!



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS





Kipper, you want to help me build a boat so we can leave this rotten jungle and return to civilization?

Not now, Gigglin! Can't you see I'm busy putting new pipes in the Jacuzzi!

Gosh, who would ever believe castaways could live so well on a far-off primitive isle?

The same people who believe that those who go on a 3-hour cruise always bring a warehouse of furniture and 6 trunks of clothing.

GIGGLIN'

Mr. and Mrs. Howl, can you help me build a boat so we can escape this hell-hole?

Sorry, Gigglin, old boy, I'm **booked up** all day with my phony, nasal, rich-man accent lessons.

And I'll be busy all day mulling over how two people rich enough to own the US Merchant Fleet wound up on a tacky cruise boat with five complete airheads!

What do you think gang?

It's not nearly as impressive as the atomic submarine you built with your jungle tools last May, but it is nice.

Yes, well done, Gigglin! You should be very proud of yourself. However we can't sail away on it!

I don't understand, Kipper. Why did the Professor say we can't leave the island?

You see, little buddy, our job here is still **unfinished!** I have to **confuse** a coconut for your shrunken head, there are funny zombies we have to turn into! And I still have 114 terrible imitations of Oliver Hardy I haven't even used yet!

WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST SAM VIVIANO

Hi, we're a group of **incredibly boring** people who are also shipwrecked. We'd like to start our own **nitwit show** just like you. Only instead of doing **one** idiotic story for each episode we'd like to try doing **three** idiotic stories.

Don't go away! Have I got something for you!

And now a new MAD feature! A look back at a TV show that just refuses to die!

Marzipan, would you and Gingerbread like to help me build a boat to get away?

Sorry, Gigglin, we're getting ready for the jungle prom tonight. We want to look sexy for you, Kipper and the other men.

That's right! And it's not easy to dress for eunuchs!

S ISLAND

And so, ladies and Gentlemen, the largest single area of astrophysical research is the interpolation of the spectra...

The Professor can't help me, either. he's busy lecturing some guest stars and stranded World War II Japanese soldiers,

all of whom will somehow return home and conveniently forget to tell anybody where we are, so that we can be rescued!

Oh well, I guess I'll just have to build the boat all by myself!

Well, I don't care! I'm leaving without you guys!

GIGGLIN!
Don't you dare!

One down, 113 to go. OK, Kipper, you convinced me. We owe it to the American people to stay here and act like total muttonheads.

Good. Now I'll turn invisible! You get your toe stuck in a jungle bowling ball.

See you later, Gigglin.

Hmm, there seem to be some people coming out of the brush.

RUSTLE
RUSTLE

THE GLOVEN'S BOAT

How do you like it, guys?

I doubt if even your audience would be stupid enough to watch us. But we'll give it a whirl.



Sadly, longtime contributor and MAD's "poet laur-idiot," Frank Jacobs, passed away on April 5, 2021, at the age of 91. One of the most prolific contributors to the magazine, Frank set the standard in satire and musical parody, planting virtuosic earworms into musically demented minds of MAD readers for nearly six decades. MAD would not be MAD without the words and mind of this brilliant humorist. He will be truly missed.

Remembering

I met Frank Jacobs on my second day of working at MAD in October 1980. Being the new kid, I sat huddled in the corner of a sofa with my ears open and my mouth shut as Frank described to editors Al Feldstein and Nick Meglin five premise-based ideas he thought would make funny articles in the magazine. He left the meeting with five approvals. I left the meeting in shock that I was just in the same room with Jacobs, Feldstein, and Meglin, three men whose work I had been in awe of for as long as I could remember.

Two days later, Frank dropped off the finished scripts for two of the ideas. "Impossible!" I remember thinking. "It takes me weeks to come up with a single premise for MAD, and weeks more to write it. This guy tossed out five great ideas and finished two in two days!" I knew then I was in the presence of greatness.

Over the course of his 57-year career at MAD, Frank wrote more than 600 articles, making him among the most prolific of "the Usual Gang of Idiots." But beyond the number, it's the sheer breadth of Frank's work that is truly impressive. He spoofed sports (*Baseball at the Bat*), politics (*East Side Story*), TV shows (*L.A. Law*), Madison Avenue (*Obituaries for Advertising Characters*), American hypocrisy (*When You're Poor... and... When You're Rich*) plus comic strips, pets, fads, children's books, historical figures, the environment and more.

He could be amazingly prescient, as in his 1991 update of the movie *The Wizard of Oz* where he exposed the little man behind the curtain as a sleazy, lecherous con artist named Donald Trump.

And then there was his work in verse, for which he is best known. Frank possessed an encyclopedic knowledge of poetry and Shakespeare. *The MAD Poetry Round Robin* and *MAD Raps Up Shakespeare* are two of my favorites, but there are dozens of classics. His song parodies—besides getting MAD sued by songwriter Irving Berlin (MAD won!)—were funny and memorable. In fact, it wasn't unusual at comics conventions for fans to approach Frank and begin serenading him with songs he had written decades earlier.

Frank's approach to verse parody was meticulous. Each line was not just clever or pointed, it also scanned perfectly when compared to the original. Sometimes Frank's work was even superior to the original. Because he was writing for the printed page, he couldn't skate by with extra syllables or near rhymes, as is often the case in recorded music parodies.

Frank also found time to write 14 MAD paperback books, including a biography of MAD's legendary founder and publisher called *The MAD World of William M. Gaines*. Laugh-out-loud funny and informative, if you haven't read it, head over to eBay.

When I look back over my 38 years working with Frank, I'll remember our long, master class discussions about the craft of writing and his endless search for just the right word or phrase; I'll remember his joyous phone call when he saw Gerry Gersten's illustration for his poem "The Reagan"—one of his all-time favorite pieces; I'll remember a MAD trip to the Caribbean where Frank rose and delivered his gloriously filthy version of Rudyard Kipling's "Gunga Din," which eviscerated his dear friend Nick Meglin; and another MAD trip to the Swiss Alps where Frank, Nick, Duck Edwing and I stayed up one night laughing longer and harder than I ever thought possible.

It was a privilege and my great honor to have known and worked with the man I consider to be the 21st century's greatest satirist of verse, Frank Jacobs.

John Ficarra
MAD SVP & Executive Editor
1985 - 2017

Frank Jacobs



The Bard of Alfred
1929-2021

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

WRITER **FRANK JACOBS**

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you breed kids like rabbits.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a sudden attack of nausea.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



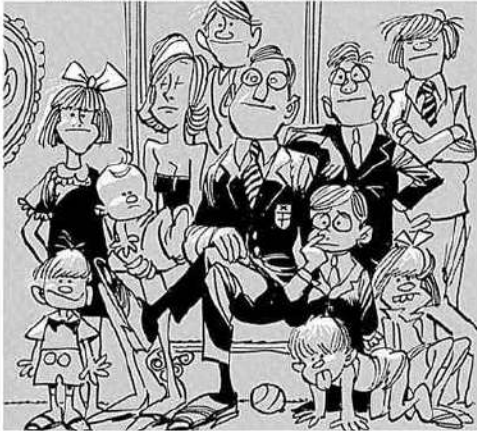
...you gamble away your salary at the track.



AND...WHEN YOU'RE RICH

ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



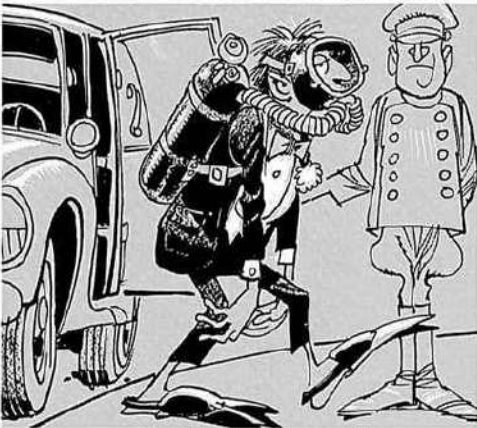
... you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



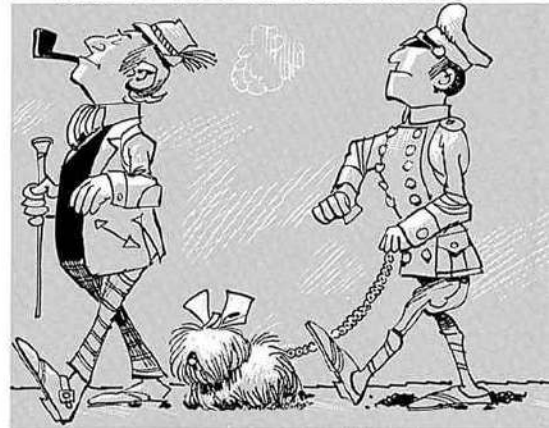
... you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #190, APR 1977



I'm Will the Thrill,..the Strat-ford..ace,
 So better lis-ten..up good, 'cause I'm in..your..face;
 The play's..the..thing, but they tell me, a-las,
 That you clods fall asleep reading mine..in..class;
 Well, I just..found..out what the world..en-joys,
 So I've borrowed..this..beat from the Beast-ie Boys;
 Is this..a..rap-per..that..you..see?
 Gadzooks! Sure is, because the rap's..on..me!
 I'm the noblest show-man..of..them..all,
 And I've given..my..gigs an o-ver-haul;
 Yea, the game's a-foot, and all the world's..a..stage
 For the sound and the fury of this hot..new..rage;
 A bard should be made of..stern-er..stuff,
 So get up..to..date and Rap On,..Mac-Duff!
 As...

Mad Raps Up Shakespeare

The SOLILOQUY RAP from "HAMLET"

So what do I do when life's...a..bitch?
Should I be or not be—I don't..know..which!
Now you may..be..thinkin' I've gone..insane,
But you're lookin' at one mel-an-chol-y..Dane;
If I packed..it..in, I'd get lots..of..Z's;
And I wouldn't have to count my cal-o-ries;
I'd never have..to..worry what this cas-tle..cost;
Or 'bout losin'..my..teeth because I nev-er flossed;
There's just..one..hang-up that bugs..me,..bub—
I could wind up dreamin', and there's..the..rub;
Bein' dead..or alive—either way..I'm..screwed;
As you plainly can..see, I'm one mixed-up..dude!



The BATTLEFIELD RAP from "RICHARD III"

A horse! A horse! I need..one..bad!
And I know it's too late to place..an..ad;
A horse! A horse! That's all..I..need;
I'd swap..my..throne for a slightly used..steed,
Or a broken-down nag that pulls..a..plow;
I'd even con-sid-er a juiced-up..cow,
Or, fail-ing..that, a sheep..will..do;
I'd even look kindly on a kang-a-roo,
Or an ox or a camel or a slimmed-down..yak
Or a very large woman with a good, strong..back;
If I've nothing..to..ride, you have..my..word
You can say..good-bye to Richard..the Third!



MARC ANTONY'S FUNERAL RAP from "JULIUS CAESAR"

Hey, friends and Romans, Big Julie's been..hit,
So clean out..your..ears while I do..my..bit;
He was one..tough..dude—the town's..top..gun,
And for years in the charts was Num-ber..One;
But Brutus and his gang said, "We'll wax the..schmuck,"
So they took..a..stab and Big Julie..got..stuck;
Now I wantcha..to..know that they're sweet-ie..pies,
Even though some peo-ple think oth-er-wise;
Sure they dis'd..Big Julie, a-gain and a-gain,
But we know..the..swine are honor'ble men;
No, they're not..the..kind that we should..con-demn,
Though you wouldn't want your sis-ters to mar-ry..them;
And I'm not sug-gest-ing that you wax..them,..too,
Even though it might..seem like the thing..to..do;
But if..you..should, and the rats..all..die,
If you need a new boss, then I'm..your..guy!



The BALCONY RAP from "ROMEO AND JULIET"

Juliet baby, you're chill,..you're..rad!
If we got to-geth-er, we could make..it..bad!

Romeo honey, you've a real..smooth..line;
So what's the story—your place..or..mine?

Not so fast there, sweetie—let's..not..forget
I'm a Mon-ta-gue,..you're a Cap-u-let;

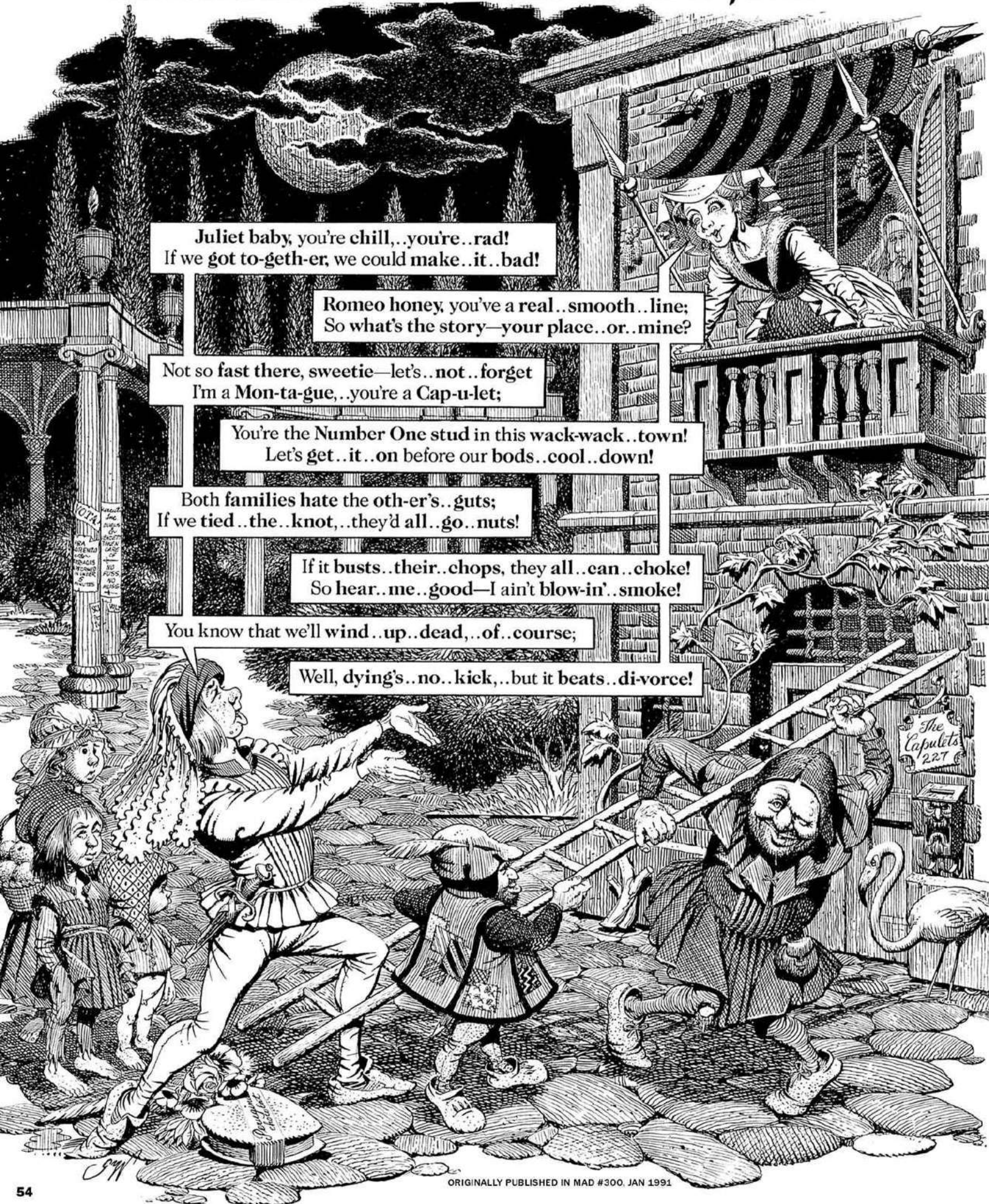
You're the Number One stud in this wack-wack..town!
Let's get..it..on before our bods..cool..down!

Both families hate the oth-er's..guts;
If we tied..the..knot,..they'd all..go..nuts!

If it busts..their..chops, they all..can..choke!
So hear..me..good—I ain't blow-in'..smoke!

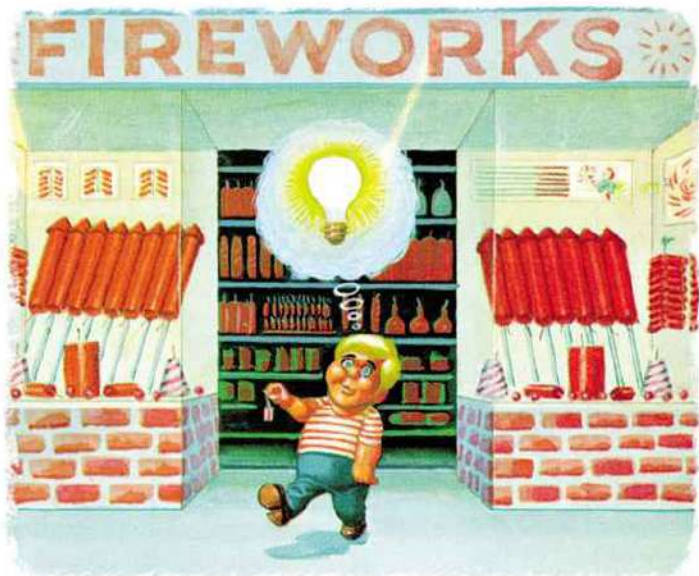
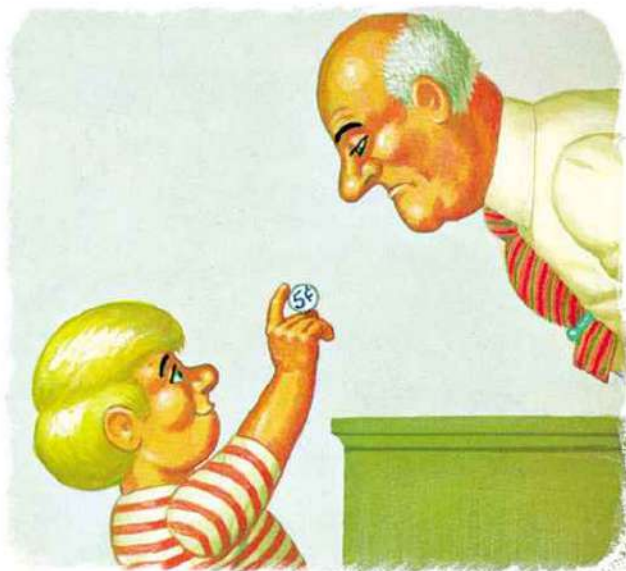
You know that we'll wind..up..dead,..of..course;

Well, dying's..no..kick,..but it beats..di-vorce!





A JULY 4TH SALUTE



WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE



PERScription DRUG OR GODZILLA FOE?

1. Anguirus
2. Ebirah
3. Mepron
4. Baragon
5. Ziegen
6. Karvira
7. Mothra
8. Kamacuras
9. Manda
10. Imuram
11. Hedorah
12. Gigan
13. Questran
14. Cedax
15. Cardura
16. Biollante
17. Climara
18. Moguera
19. Elmiron
20. Geodon



WRITERS USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

ARTIST PAUL COKER JR.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #459, NOV 2005

ANSWER: 1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 16 and 18 are Japanese movie monsters. The rest are perscription drugs!

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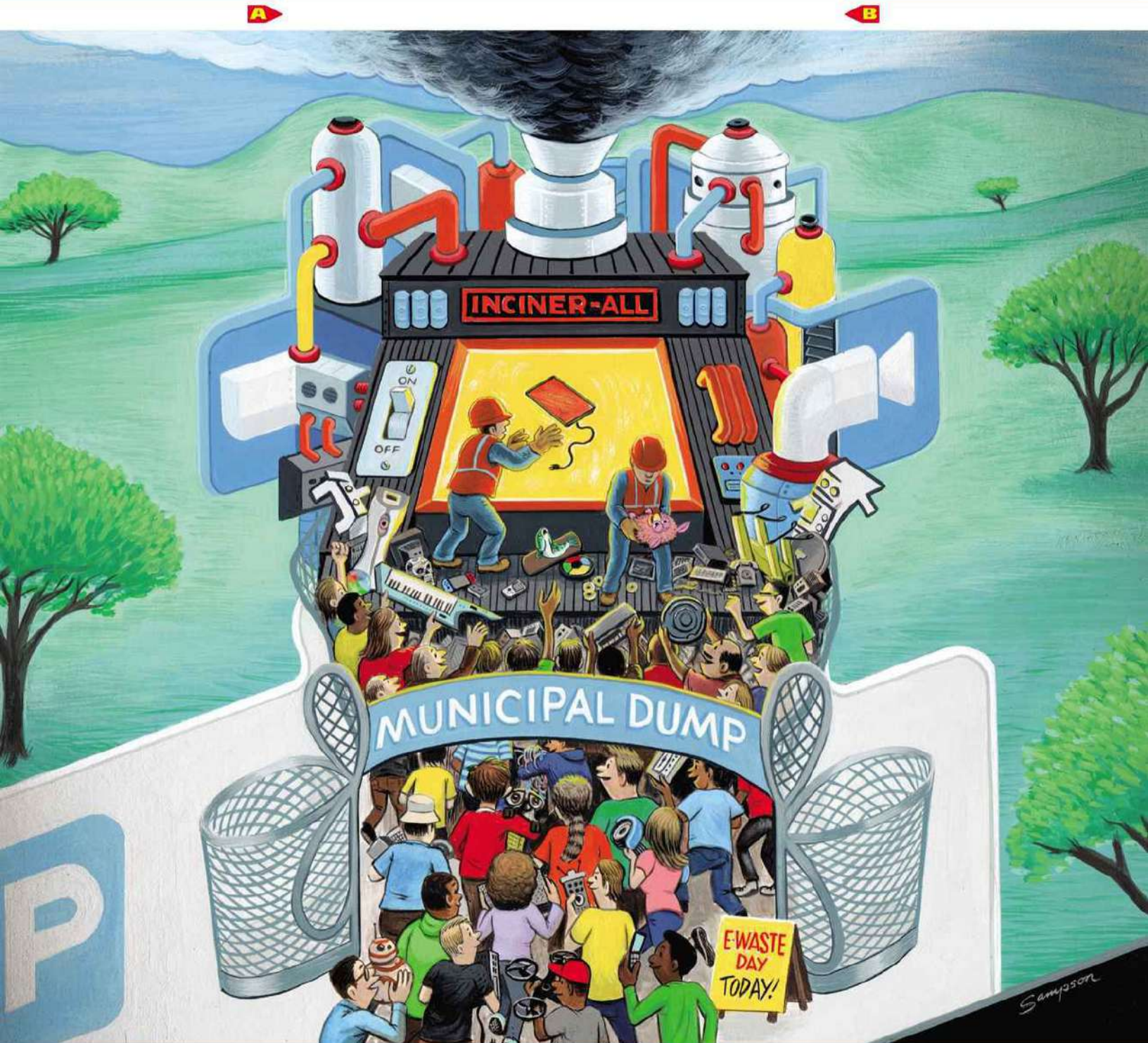
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WHAT PIECE OF
TECHNOLOGY ARE
PEOPLE EAGER
TO THROW INTO
THE TRASH?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Despite measures taken to ensure the proper disposal of outdated, obsolete, or otherwise unwanted pieces of technology, people still regretfully throw them in the trash. Nowadays there's a new piece of E-waste that people are actually excited to toss in the bin. To see what that is, fold-in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THERE IS TOO MUCH E-WASTE NOW. INSTEAD OF FIXING BROKEN GADGETS, WE REPAIR
ZILCH AND TOSS USED TECH INTO THE TRASH WITHOUT A CARE. REPERCUSSIONS LOOM
AHEAD IF WE DON'T AMEND OUR WAYS. ECOLOGICAL IMPACT ASIDE, SOME SCHLEPPS
ARE ALL TOO EAGER TO CONTRIBUTE MORE TO THE EVER-GROWING PILE.

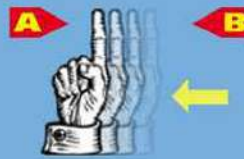
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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

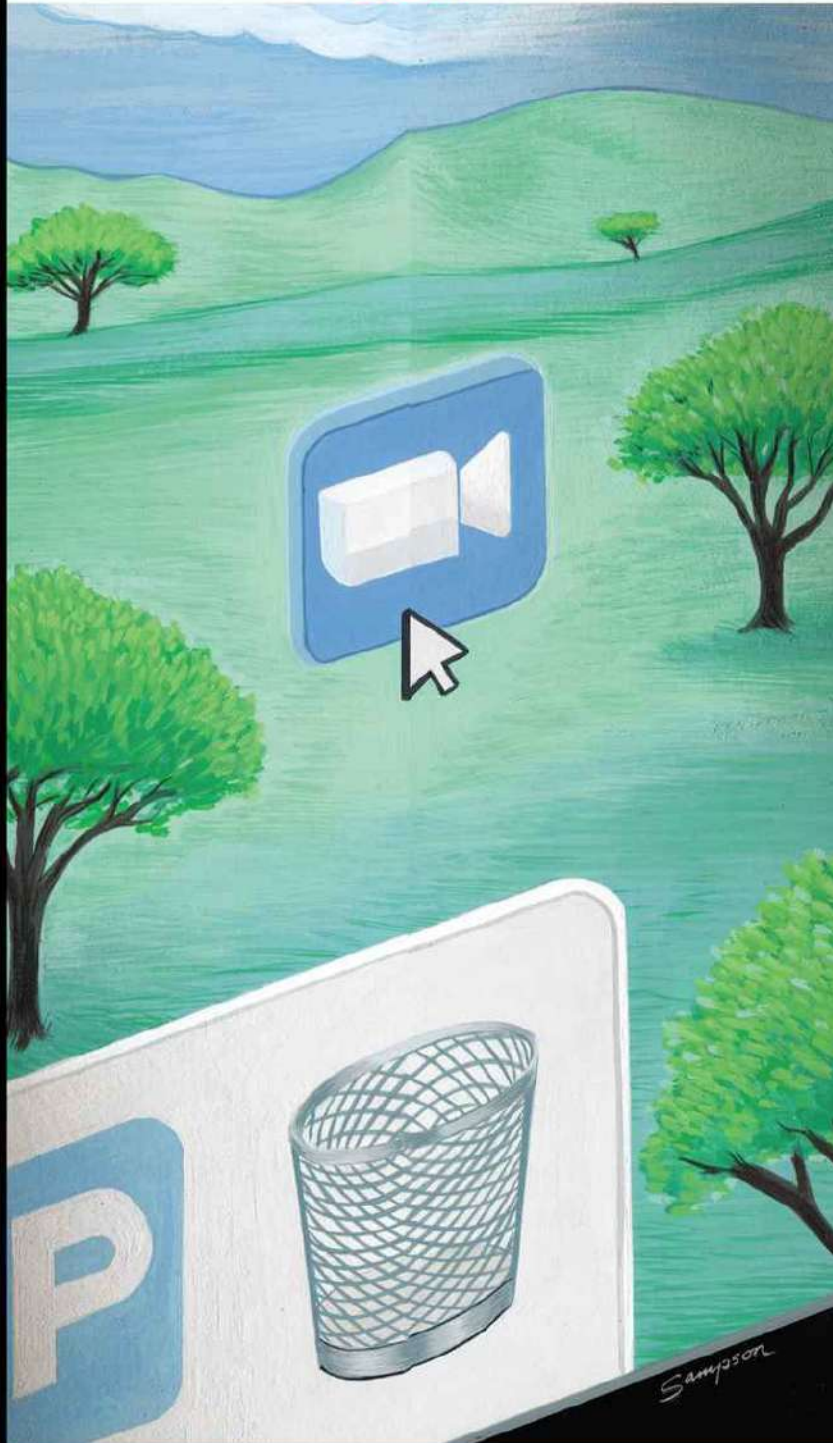
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WHAT PIECE OF
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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



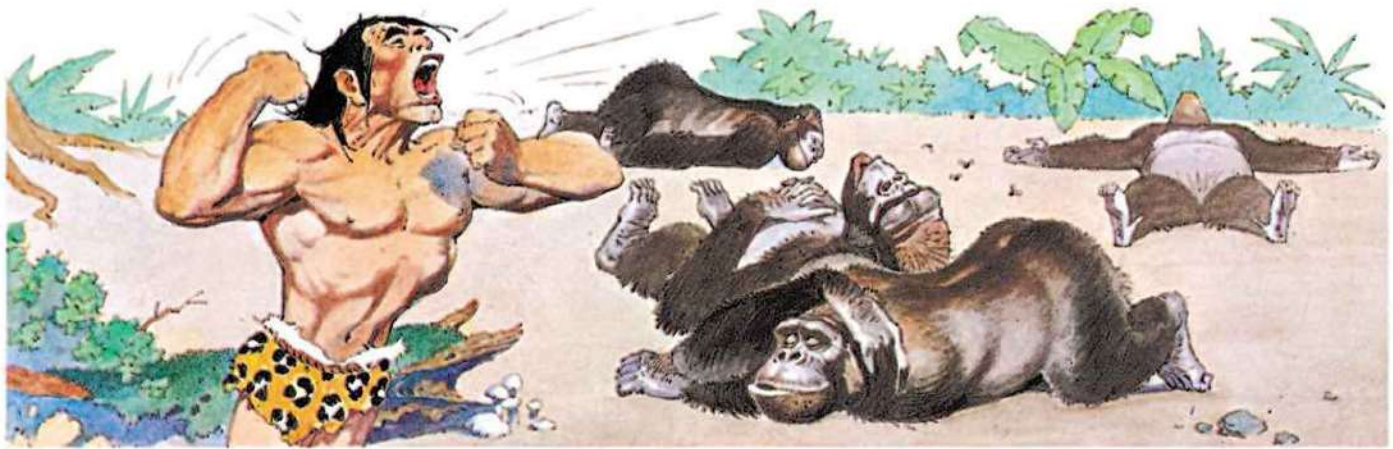
THEIR
ZOOM
APPS

A B

Early One Morning in the Jungle



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST FRANK FRAZETTA



BY **SERGIO ARAGONES**

